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GIVE thanks! Give thanks! Hear the bells a ringing:
Give thanks! Give thanks! Hear the choir singing!
While some souls are crying out:
"What shall I give thanks about?"
"My child is gone!" "My wife is dead!"
"My fortune's lost!" "I'll curse instead!"
"Cease, ye bells a ringing; hush the choir singing;
Woe my soul is stinging; heart in anguish ringing.
No place hath praise, within me here,
But all is anger, pain and fear."

Hold ye! Hold ye! List the promise given!
Blest shall they be, who, in sorrow driven,
Pass beneath the chast'ning rod,
Loving ever, trusting God.
Be strong; fail not, bend low the head.
So, in sweet peace, shall ye be led.
Ever in the joyful singing: "To the cross I'm clinging,"
Angels 'round thee winging, while the bells are ringing:
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all creatures here below."
Amen.

WILL. VISSCHER.

They were a very young couple; that accounted for it largely, and while the affair was certainly ludicrous it was not without a touch of pathos. They both declare that they have better sense now, and that the like, with them at least, shall never occur again, so there can scarcely be any harm in telling all about it.

When they went to housekeeping in a modest way in a fashionable street in the national capital rents were not so high as they are now. They had many friends, some of them very wealthy ones, and, as her entire life had been spent in Washington, she felt that a change from single to double blessedness would not alter things materially.

While the streets and her friends remained unchanged there was a certain indefinable something that shaped itself presently—she could not entertain as she had been used to in her father's house; neither on such a scale, nor with such lavish hospitality.

She fretted a little, at first quietly, then she confided her woes to her husband, for she told him everything, and he, good fellow, took it very much to heart.

Being a lawyer without any considerable practice, for he was a young man in his profession, he did not see his way out of it in that direction. But the idea suddenly struck him that he would try to get some kind of an official position. They had influential friends in the political world, and it appeared quite clear sailing.

The plan met with his wife's prompt approval and she concluded on the spot to begin the siege by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. Some people might have thought it wiser to first get the desired position and then give thanks, but she looked upon it differently, from the point of view of the almanac as it were.

A presidential candidate had just been elected and would take his seat the following March. The minister of the church they attended was also the pastor and intimate friend of his excellency-elect, and it seemed very fitting and auspicious that he, together with his wife, should be honored guests. There was, also, a certain distant cousin of the successful candidate, a very pompous old lady with a terrible predilection for her neighbor's affairs, whom it was considered wise to ask, and to entertain her there was young Mr. de Post, who led cotillons and gossip with equal facility.

While Mrs. Grimm had very pretty glass and china, in keeping with the rest of her modest establishment, it did not seem grand enough for such a distinguished and critical company, so she borrowed her mother's service, from the silver soup tureen to the nut crackers.

This plan was readily feasible, as her parents took dinner with an elder sister upon that day. No sooner was this arrangement completed than it seemed very out of place to let Fanny, the colored maid, wait at table with such accompanying magnificence—they ought to have a butler. They got one in the person of Fanny's father, who had come up from Manassas Junction to spend the day with his family, and that was where the trouble began.

He was an eminently respectable old man, and when he had gotten himself, after much groaning and the assistance of his wife, the cook, into an old dress suit of Mr. Grimm's, he looked as if he knew the proper thing to do, which was far from the case. His wife had been doubtful from the first. "He kin drive a kerrige jest lovely, 'Miss' Maria," she said, "but he doan know nuthin' 'bout waitin.'"

"But Fanny can drill him," "Miss" Maria had said, airily, as she set out to Thanksgiving services in company with her husband.

Fanny, dressed in a new gown and with a huge white cap on her very black head, admitted the guests with a gravity of countenance that would have befitted a servitor of fifty years. Fanny had woeful misgivings. Jupiter, her father, had not proven a very apt pupil. He asked many strange questions after he had insisted that he understood everything. The butler's pantry was too small to hold them both or she would have remained by her parent during the ordeal; but she stationed herself at the foot of the dumb waiter to admonish in stage whispers if necessary.

Jupiter wiped the perspiration from his brow with a red bandanna and ear

JUPITER CARRIED IN THE SOUP.

ried the silver tureen. With the exception that he put his thumb in Mr. de Post's soup and then wiped it dry with his bandanna, that portion of the banquet progressed favorably. But when the raw oysters were served he took a plate of macaroons from the sideboard, and, doubtless mistaking them for a new variety of crackers, gravely offered them. The hostess flushed violently and tried to distract attention from her husband who, though he said only a few words to Jupiter, had looked such unutterable things as to cause him to drop the dish on the sideboard with a bang. Presently he barely grazed the minister's head with the turkey platter. Feeling that energy might compensate for the vacuity existing in his mind, Jupiter proceeded to ply every one with the dishes on the table. Salted almonds and bonbons careered about the board with lightning rapidity. He even grasped the macaroons again, but a sudden mistrust seemed to seize him and he dropped the dish. He was breathing heavily and each moment his unwonted apparel seemed to grow smaller for him.

The hostess strove bravely to appear as if this was a daily occurrence in every well regulated household, and that a stream of gravy extending across the cloth and down a breadth of her best gown was merely an adjunct of Thanksgiving. The host forgot all the speeches he had intended to make in praise of the president-elect and all the subtle antennae of diplomacy that he was going to put forth to the minister by way of starting affairs. He could only feel rather than see, for he scarce dared look up. That Mr. de Post and the executive-elect's cousin were storing a fund of anecdote that would regale many a dinner table—he had caught sufficient of their exchange of glances to rest assured of.

As for the minister, his kindness of heart was as proverbial as was his sense of humor. If he laughed rather more heartily at his own stories than was his wont both host and hostess were thankful to him for diverting some small degree of attention from Jupiter's aimless and comical gyrations. "Jupiter, you have not served the tomatoes," said Mrs. Grimm. Mr. Grimm felt the perspiration start out on the back of his neck; he was wondering what new catastrophe was in store. As for Jupiter, he smiled blandly. Here at least was something he could engineer. "Tomattuses," he ordered of Fanny. A great whispering ensued, then came a pounding on the dumb-

"SEND UP THEM TOMATTUSES."

waiter that set all the glasses and crockery on the pantry shelves to jingling in unison.

A family altercation was in energetic progress. The guests looked at each other and the hostess tried to chatter it down. But no one human throat was powerful enough for that.

"Send up them tomattuses."

"I tell you they ain't none."

"They is, 'Miss' Maria says they is."

"I tell you they ain't, you ole black fool you," the voice was that of the cook. "I dun tergot to open 'em. I dun tell you. If you doan b'lieve me use your own eyes, you ole country niggah in Maw's Jawn's pahty close, a lookin' like a scarecrow in a cawn fiel'. Now look!"

The waiter came up with a bang. All was still. Jupiter was doubtless looking." Presently the guests looked too. He appeared upon the scene with an unopened can, glowing with a gorgeous label, in either hand. "Beg pawdon, 'Miss' Maria, but that ole—" He got no further. There had been a swish of skirts on the stairs. Fanny darted across the room, pushed her surprised parent into the pantry and turned the key. With an air of elaborate indifference as though nothing had happened to mar the occasion, she removed the plates and the dinner progressed. From the depths of the pantry could be heard the wailing of Jupiter: "If I kain't wait I'm pow'ful at drivin', an' it ain't no erthly use a tryin' to appeah what you ain't. Ole Miss dun say—" There was a peremptory command from below to "come down this minnit," a great creaking of the waiter and Jupiter had descended on the vehicle of his woe.

Mr. Grimm looked at his wife and she in turn looked at him. Between them extended a massive epergne of silver weighted with fruit and flowers; tall candelabras and dainty bon-bon dishes, strangely out of keeping with the furniture and the tiny dining-room. There was a look in his eyes that lightened things, though, and the verge of tearfulness was banished. After, however, when the guests were gone and she had had a good cry in his arms, she said: "John, Jupiter was right. We have no business trying to appear what we are not, and whether we get the position or whether we're never a cent richer, I've that good lesson to be thankful for to-day and for the rest of my life."

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Saturday morning about one o'clock and alarm of fire was sounded, and it was soon located at the planing mill of Charles Krug, situated below the D. L. & W. railroad and fronting on Seventh street. When discovered the fire had already spread over a large portion of the building, which being frame with tin roof, burned rapidly. When the fire companies arrived they could do nothing toward saving the building, as it was already nearly destroyed, and the flames spread to the office and hardware room and agricultural building of H. V White & Co. The firemen directed their attention to the grain elevator and mill and storage room of H. V. White & Co. The roof being shingle soon caught fire, as well as the sides of the building but by diligent efforts the building was saved, but the water played havoc with the contents, of wheat, flour, meals and fertilizers. Charles Krug's was a total loss of about $6000, without any insurance. H. V. White & Co. lost in their office, hardware, agricultural implements, about $2,000. In their grain house the wheat, about 3000 bushels, and rye, about 500 bushels, was completely soaked, as well also a car load of flour. About two tons of binder twine and all their sacks were destroyed. Their total loss will reach about $5,000, covered by an insurance of $2,000. The origin of the fire is a mystery. For some days past Mr. Krug had been running the mill at its full capacity on a special contract for doors, and it may be possible some journal became overheated.

BUTLER—HARMAN.

Miss Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Harman, and Mr. Daniel Butler were married in St. Paul's Church on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, the rector, Rev. W. C. Leverett, officiating. The chancel was beautifully decorated with flowers. No invitations had been issued, but it was understood that any of their friends were welcome to witness the ceremony, and a goodly number were present. Miss Etta Geiger was maid of honor, and J. Lee Harman was best man. Freeze Quick and Daniel Butler Jr., served as ushers.

In the absence of the organist, who was called to Wyoming county, on business. Miss Maud Runyan, organist of the Presbyterian Church, played the wedding marches After the ceremony a quiet reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, on Iron street, which was attended by the families and relatives. We extend congratulations, and wish Mr. and Mrs. Butler a long and happy life.

ADJOURNED COURT.

Pursuant to adjournment Court convened last Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, President Judge Ikeler and Associate Millard on the bench.

On motion of plaintiff's counsel the hearing in the matter of the bill in equity of the B. & S. R. R. Co - al, was continued.

The hotel license of D. L. Husted, in Sugarloaf, was transferred to Joseph Carpenter.

H. O. Stine vs. H. W. Smith, habeas corpus. Defendant was arrested by plaintiff on a charge of forgery. He was held in $300 bail for his appearance at Court.

BALL AND VENISON SUPPER.

On Christmas night, December 25th, J. Boyd McHenry, the genial landlord of the McHenry House, at Benton, will give a grand ball and venison supper. It will be a great event.

RE-DEDICATION.

The Lutheran Church which has undergone repairs for the last three months, was, according to announcement, re dedicated Sunday, November 26th. From outward appearances there would seem to be but little change over the former edifice, the old tower being removed and a smaller one substituted; the old style roof giving place to sheet iron roof On the old dusky paper was removed and a bright cheerful pattern substituted, the old windows and blinds removed and beautiful stained glass placed therein. The old gallery changed and elevated seats take its place. A new large Estey organ occupies the left of the front of the church and an elevation made for the choir. The entire church is recarpeted with a beautiful design of Brussels carpet, new cushions provided for all the seats, and all the wood work repainted and varnished. The church is wired for electric light. The interior is so changed that it appears like a new edifice, scarcely a vestige of the old remains.

On the morning of dedication the altar was handsomely decked with flowers. The organist, Prof. Niles, had secured the services of the Y. M. C. A male choir, in addition to the instruments of Davis Brook, with cornet, H. G. Eshleman with clarionet, Miss Dora Niles and Mr. Stauffer with violins. The morning services began with an instrumental piece entitled "O God, Thou Art My God," followed with the usual morning service, and a song by the Y. M. C. A. choir. The scripture lesson was read and prayer offered by Rev. F. P. Manhart, Superintendent of Missionary Institute, Selinsgrove. The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. Yutzy, president of Susquehanna Synod, who selected his text from Haggai, second chapter and 9th verse, as follows: "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." He briefly referred to the progress of the Lutheran Church in this town from its beginning and referred to what was in store for the future. He spoke of the necessity of making beautiful temples for the worship of God, and referred to the Temple at Jerusalem when God himself himself selected the material and the ornaments with which it should be bedecked. His sermon was very interesting and instructive. At its close Mr. D. W. Kitchen, chairman of the building committee was called upon and made a report of the expense incurred in repairing. His statement showed that the entire cost was $3462.-75, all of which was provided for except about $900. Cards were passed through the audience and the greater portion of the deficit was raised.

The afternoon services began at 3 o'clock, with an instrumental selection followed by addresses from Rev. U. Meyrs, Catawissa, Rev. F. P. Manhart, and pastors of the various churches of the town. These addresses were followed by the dedication or re-consecration proper, which was commenced by Rev. Yutzy, president of the Synod, and concluded by Rev. P. A. Heilman, the pastor. The male choir and orchestra furnished music.

The evening service was a praise service, opened by instrumental music, followed with several pieces from the male choir, after which Rev. E. A. Sharretts, who was pastor of the church when the present edifice was first built in 1856, gave an interesting address recounting how the church was first built and some of the difficulties. His address was followed by closing remarks of Thanksgiving, and praise from Rev. J. Yutzy, and the day of re-dedication was closed.

There were two handsome windows donated. The one in the rear of the pulpit shows the face of the Saviour and the other in the front of the church containing an open Bible and the head of Martin Luther. New altar furniture was given also which unfortunately did not arrive in time for the dedication.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH NOTES.

The ladies of St. Paul's congregation will hold a Bazaar in the Parish House on December 14th, when they will offer for sale a large number of articles, many of which will be suitable for Christmas gifts. A lunch will be served the same day. If necessary the sale will continue another day.

All those who have articles of any description for the Bazaar are requested to send them to the Parish House on Wednesday, December 6th.

Next Sunday evening the Advent service of the Sunday School will be held in the church at 7 o'clock.

The Wednesday evening service and lecture will be resumed next week, at 7:30 in the Parish House.

The apparatus for the gymnasium, at the Normal, was received this week.

BRIEF MENTION.

About People You Know.

Mrs. W. S. Rishton is visiting her mother in Philadelphia.

John A. Garman, District Attorney of Luzerne county, was in town on Wednesday.

Dr. J. Bruce Hess has located in Benton, and occupies the office of the late Dr. C. S. O'Brien. He is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College.

A. C. Freas, Esq., has moved from Bloomsburg to Wilkes-Barre, where he is engaged in the life and accident insurance business.

Messrs. Ratti, Oswald, Yorks and Hartzell, form a quartet of equestrians who have been taking long rides on horseback recently.

Dr. D. J. Waller, Jr., of Indiana Normal School, and Dr. Geo. P. Waller, of Nebraska, are both at home, having been called here by the serious illness of their father Dr. George P. Waller reached Northumberland on Sunday, and drove up from there, as no trains were running.

A change in time of some of the trains on the D. L. & W. Railroad was made last Monday, viz: 6:29 p. m. train north to 6:39, and the 8:18 p. m. train south to 8:30.

The *Montour American*, published at Danville, was sold by the executor Monday, November 20th. The name of the purchaser has not yet been made known; but the paper is issued regularly and publishers will be announced later.

Hon. Geo. R. Wendling will deliver a lecture in the Normal Auditorium on Monday evening, December 4th, subject, "The Man of Galilee." This is the second entertainment in the Normal Lecture Course. Tickets can be procured at Brooke & Co's. book store, or at the door.

W. H. Slate took possession of the stationery store of W. H. Brooke & Co. on Monday. Mr. Slate is a young man of experience, and while he is almost a stranger here, he comes from Williamsport with the very highest references. He will continue the business at the well-known stand in the Exchange Hotel building, and purposes making many additions and improvements.

Notification of the change in the form of postoffice money orders has just been sent out by the postoffice department. This introduces into the order the name of the payee, and makes the order negotiable like a bank check. The new forms will be sent to all post offices as rapidly as the old ones which they now have are used up.

W. H. Brooke & Company went out of business on Monday. For a number of years Mr. Brooke has had active charge of the business, and he was uniformly courteous and obliging to all his customers. He has not yet determined his future course, but it is to be hoped that he will remain in Bloomsburg, as the departure of such a man and such a family as his, would be a loss to any community.

Geo. C. Staley, the comedian, will appear in Bloomsburg Opera House, Friday, December 1st, in a new and original and romantic comedy, by John Stapleton, entitled Antony, the Trumpeter, a tale of the Knickerbockers in three acts. A special feature of the play will be the Pans Pnixster dance, by the ladies and gentlemen of the company, in the characteristic wooden shoes of the period. Secure your seats early at Dentler's shoe store.

The investigating committee appointed to inquire into the matter concerning the rumors relative to County Superintendent Johnston, had a session last Saturday, but on account of the absence of Dr. McCrea, who was called on professional service, no action was taken, further than considering some preliminary matters, necessary for a subsequent meeting. A meeting of the committee will be held Saturday, December 2nd, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

A man driving a double team down Third street Tuesday morning met with an accident that might have been even more serious. In crossing the deep gutter at the intersection of Centre street, the axle of the front broke through the centre and wheels were only held by the platform springs. He had a young team, but succeeded in stopping them. The crossing is the most dangerous one in the town, and should be repaired at once. There may yet be some loss of life by some one being thrown out or a runaway caused.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

AFTER VACATION.

Back again to school, dears,
Vacation days are done,
You've had your share of frolic,
And lots of play and fun.
You've fished in many a brook, dears,
And climbed up many a hill;
Now back again to school, dears,
To study with a will.

We all can work the better
For having holiday,
For playing ball and tennis,
And riding on the hay.
The great old book of Nature
Prepares us plain to see
How very well worth learning
All other books may be.

So back again to school, dears,
Vacation-time is done;
You've had a merry recess,
With lots and lots of fun.
You've been like colts in pasture,
Unused to bit and rein.
Now steady, ready, children,
It's time to march and train.

'Tis only dunces loiter
When sounds the school-bell's call,
So fall in ranks, my boys and girls,
And troop in, one and all.
For school is very pleasant,
When, after lots of fun,
Vacation days are over,
And real work's begun.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

TOMMY, THE GOPHER.

History of a Queer Little Office Pet and Companion.

Tommy was a pet gopher, and, like other pets, had his little history. He came to us in a very remarkable way. I was sitting in my office, in the third story of one of those big office buildings in the city, when one of the office girls exclaimed: "What is that?" pointing to a little animal about the size of a rat, running in at the door. If it had been a rat we should not have been surprised, as they were common; but this little fellow had a bushy tail, and rows of spots along his back, and ears hardly visible above his fur. I knew him at once, for I had seen plenty of his kind on our prairie farm when I was a boy, and used to dig them out of their holes in the ground, or drown them out by pouring in water, as they scratched up our seed corn. But how this little fellow could have got into the city, and up into the third story of of an office building was a mystery. Evidently some one had brought him in; but no one in the building knew anything about him, so as he seemed quite tame, it was decided to adopt him as an office pet, and he was named Tommy. And as nature had provided him with a nice suit of clothes, all he needed was food, drink and a nest.

We soon found that he liked peanuts, and it was great fun to see him eat them. When anyone called, "Tommy, Tommy," and held out a peanut, he would run and sit up on his hind feet, reach out his little paws, and beg for his peanut. When he got it he would shell it, put the kernel into his pocket, and hold up his paws for another, and when he got both pockets full, he would run off to his nest, store away his nuts, and come back for more.

Now your will wonder about his pockets. Well, every gopher has two pockets, one in each cheek, in which he carries food and bedding to his nest. He makes his nest in a hole in the ground, which he digs out with his paws, putting the earth into his pockets and carrying it out. I knew that our Tommy would want such a nest, so I got a large box and filled it with earth for him, packing it in tight. Tommy went vigorously to work, and soon had a cosey little room dug out in the bottom, just big enough for himself, with a winding passage down to it, where he made a nest of bits of paper and cloth and twine, picked up round the office.

When it was finished, Tommy's demands for peanuts increased, and he soon laid in a large supply. It was amusing to see him hold up his paws and beg, as if he were very hungry, when his pockets were so full of kernels that his cheeks were puffed out. If we gave him a nut that had no kernel, he would get very angry, springing at the hand of the person who gave it, and biting it if he got a chance.

One day he found a satchel in which there was some cake; so he gnawed a hole in it, and was soon inside helping himself. We wondered where he had gone, when some one happened to notice the satchel, and saw Tommy peering out through the hole, which was just big enough to fit his head.

He had large black eyes, but his sight did not seem to be sharp—probably because his eyes were better adapted to the dim light of a life underground than to the bright sunlight—and he was afraid of objects which he could not see clearly; the dust-brush, which he evidently regarded as some big burly animal, was an object of especial terror to him, and he would act like a cat frightened by a dog when it was placed near him. You should know that every animal has a little curtain inside of his eye, called the iris, with a window in the middle of it, called the pupil, around which is a muscle which contracts, making the window smaller when the light is bright, and expands, making it larger, when the light is dim. You have often seen the pupils if pussy's eyes get small in the light and large in the dark, so that she can see almost as well by a dim light as by a bright one. But as gophers do not live much in the daylight, their eyes have large pupils adapted to semi-darkness.

Tommy liked to lie and bask in a warm, sunny spot on the floor, just as you have seen puss do. He became quite tame, and would sometimes climb up and sit on my knee; but he would not allow anyone to touch him or stroke him, and always resented any such familiarity by his peculiar little scolding chir-r-r, or an attempt to bite.

About the middle of summer he disappeared, and could not be found anywhere; and his odd little ways had made him such a pet that he was greatly missed. We knew he could not have left the office, and so concluded he must be in his nest, but whether dead or alive no one knew. So when six weeks had passed, and he did not make his appearance, we emptied the earth out of his box, when out jumped Tommy, angry as he could be, and scolding loudly with his usual chir-r-r, chir-r-r, but none the worse for his long sleep.

The box was filled again, and Tommy made himself a new nest, near the top this time, for he was too sleepy for deep digging, laid in a fresh supply of peanuts, and in a few days went to sleep again and slept five months; so that we saw nothing of him till the following February, when he came out, lean and hungry, making his usual demand for peanuts; but was soon as fat and lively as ever.

We now happened to learn his early history, and how he came to us. Three or four young gophers had been brought in from the country by a son of the janitor, who lived in the building, and had all run away and been caught by the cats, or had fallen down the stairs, except this little fellow; and he had crept in behind a coal bin in the hall, and slept there all winter till he came to us.

In this way we learned that gophers, like bears and some other animals, sleep, or hibernate, as it is called, during a large part of the year, which accounts for the fact that they are seldom seen except in spring and early summer; and so they escape the summer's heat and winter's cold in their underground nests, and come out full of vigorous new life in spring.

You will be sorry to learn that poor little Tommy came to a sad end. There was always a vessel of water left for him, but one Saturday night it was forgotten, and so he went to the wash basin to get a drink, and fell into the water and was drowned, not being able to climb up the slippery sides and get out; and there we found him on Monday morning. That was a sorrowful day in our office, for Tommy was a great favorite. The little body was tenderly wrapped in paper, placed in a box, and taken home and buried in the garden; and many tears were shed over our little pet's grave.—Philip Atkinson, in Wide Awake.

WHAT THE SMOKE SAID.

Story of the Young Man Who Didn't Have Any "Gilt-Edged Luck."

A poor young man was leaning against a post on Boston common. At least, I took him to be a poor young man, judging from his words, and from the expression of his face. He held in his hand the languishing stub of a cigar, with a puff from which he frequently insulted the inoffensive air.

Said the poor young fellow, the corners of his mouth drawn down almost to his chin: "It's hard luck. I don't seem to get along. The firm doesn't pay me enough by half. Now there's Bill Akens, he went in when I did, and he owns his house, and he has money in the bank to boot, while I—bah! my pocket's full of bills, and I can't keep a cent. Now, he has luck, gilt-edged luck, while I have—"

While he was thinking of a word mean enough to express his financial depression the poor fellow took a puff at his cigar, and we both of us watched the smoke whirl away in the air. What was my astonishment to see the curling wreaths form themselves into letters, shaped like script, and reading: "Here goes my money!" I looked at the young man in amazement, but he was serenely puffing away, quite oblivious to that strange smoke penmanship.

"That's queer!" exclaimed I; but he without allowing me to explain what was queer, went on with his complaint.

"Queer? I should say so! And just see how that Bill Akens stands with the firm! Why, there's some talk of his getting into partnership. But I—why, the other day I hinted to the old gentleman that I thought my salary ought to be raised, and he as good as told me if I didn't like it I might leave it. Leave it? I guess I would, in a hurry, if I could get another place." And this time he gave an exceedingly vigorous puff at the cigar.

Again the mysterious air currents twisted the smoke, turned it over and over, and drew it out into the words: "Here goes my reputation!" I was about to call his attention to the remarkable phenomenon—for, though, he was leaning back with one eye cocked up at the smoke, evidently he did not read anything in it—but he proceeded in a still more indignant strain.

"And what makes it all the more ungrateful is that I am absolutely wearing myself out in their service. My head aches nearly all the time, and my eyes ache, and I am actually getting to be afraid of heart disease. I have such queer feelings in my chest. They ought not to expect any one man to do as much work as I do—at least on such a ridiculous salary."

With these dolorous words the poor chap slowly straightened himself and sauntered disconsolately away, still comforting himself with his cigar. And as the twisting, serpentine train of smoke strung out after him it took shape much as before, save that this time it read: "Here goes my health."

And as I passed on I shed a tear for the poor, persecuted, unfortunate young man.—Amos R. Wells, in Young Men's Era.

Milk from a Tree.

Away off among the mountains of Venezuela grows a tree with curious roots and leaves. Its roots hardly go into the ground.

Many months of the year the people there never have any rain, and the branches look just as if they were dried up. But if you should take a borer, and make a hole in the trunk, rich creamy milk would flow out from it.

Very early in the morning, if you were there, you would see the blacks and other natives, coming from all parts, with big bowls to get this luscious milk. They drink there, and then they fill the bowls and carry some home to their children. The cream thickens on top as they walk. Often the children go themselves.

This tree in their language is called "palo de vaca," which means cow tree. —Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.

A MONSTROUS BRUTE.

Nothing Like It Known to the Most Eminent Zoologists.

It Has a Broad Body, Flat Head, Big Fiery Eyes, Woolly Hide, Bushy Tail, Powerful Limbs and Bloodthirsty Mouth.

The "dog eater," panther, or whatever it is that has created consternation time and again throughout this section among the country folks, has again made its appearance, after an interval of something like a year, says a Danville (Ky.) dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer. The existence of this strange animal has been scouted at by the skeptics, but persons of undoubted veracity who claim to have seen the monster during its midnight prowling say they are willing to make oath to the statements concerning it.

About five years ago it made its appearance in this county, and several parties were organized in the vicinity of Perryville to hunt the strange beast down and exterminate it, but none were successful in their mission. From the fact that it seldom, if ever, attacked anything save dogs, the people gave it the name of the "dog eater," and by this it has been known for about seven years. Persons versed in natural history say they can recall nothing like it, and seem to think, from the descriptions given by those who have caught glimpses of the animal, that it is a cross between a panther and a mastiff, though the descriptions vary so at times that such a conclusion cannot be relied upon.

Its last appearance was in Mercer county, a short distance from this city. James O'Connor and the colored driver of R. E. Coleman's bus were returning from Burgin with several passengers aboard, and had just passed the old Walden farm and were coming down hill at a moderately rapid gait, when suddenly the team stopped, reared, snorted and plunged about, almost upsetting the bus and badly frightening the passengers, acting just as horses have been seen to do when scared by some strange beast.

In a moment the occupants of the vehicle were startled and almost paralyzed at seeing an animal of

THAT MOST WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

enormous size and ferocious looks spring out of the woodland into the road, glare at the conveyance a moment and then leisurely leave the scene without molesting anything. The animal was distinctly seen by Mr. O'Connor and the driver, who were sitting upon the front seat. They described it as being of a dark color, with a broad, flat-like body and head, large, fiery eyes, woolly hide, powerful limbs, bushy tail and a monstrous head and mouth. There can be no doubt of Mr. O'Connor having seen this animal, as he would not concoct such a strange story, and his testimony about the appearance of the beast is corroborated by others who have seen it.

The question asked many is: What is this monster that comes and goes, and still molests nothing except the worthless curs ot the country, except now and then destroying a fancy setter? It is no stranger in Mercer county. Several years back there was a current report that some strange animal had taken up its abode in Boone's cave, and the people thereabout, especially the colored portion, were very much alarmed, and afraid to venture out after night. A few determined ones, however, explored the cave, but failed to find the monster, though they discovered strange-looking tracks in the moist earth on the floor of the cave.

Two other gentlemen, Mr. Phil Marks and Edward H. Fox, the artist, claim to have seen this remarkable beast one night as they were returning from a coon-hunting expedition. They were riding leisurely along the pike, engaged in conversation, their fine pack of hounds following behind, weary and worn out after the chase, when suddenly Marks' horse reared up and had it not been for Mr. Marks' expert horsemanship he would have been thrown backward against the ground. Mr. Fox, who preserved his presence of mind, soon saw the cause of the trouble. The dog eater had stepped out into the road ahead of the party and began drinking out of a small stream, and right here this animal's strange influence over dogs was illustrated. The hounds following along seemed to become paralyzed with fright. They huddled together, trembling with fear and whining piteously. Mr. Fox drew his revolver and shot at the dog eater, which jumped over the fence and disappeared. The artist is confident that he hit the monster, but thinks that the thick coating of hair on it was too much for the small bullet used. After the animal had got out of the way the hounds struck for home at a 2:40 gait. Mr. Marks can be found at his place of business in this city at any time, and will cheerfully detail the story of his experience with the now noted animal. Mr. Fox, at the request of the reporter, made a rough sketch of the dog-eater as it appeared to him.

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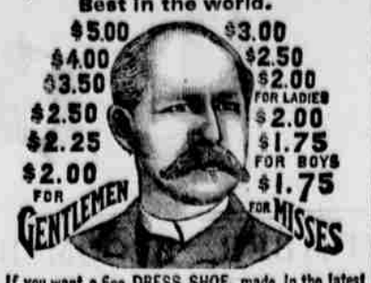

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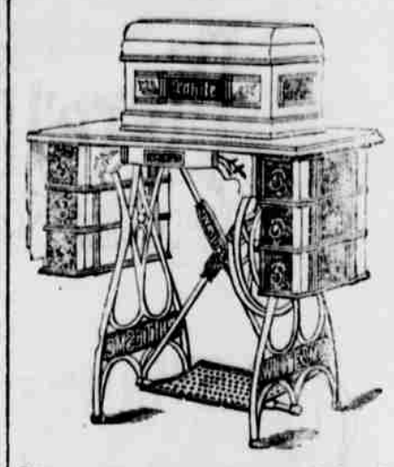

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Butter per lb	.28
Eggs per dozen	.24
Lard per lb	.14
Ham per pound	.15
Pork, whole, per pound	07 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound	06 to .08
Wheat per bushel	.85
Oats " "	.50
Rye " "	.80
Wheat flour per bbl	4.00
Hay per ton	16.00
Potatoes per bushel	.65
Turnips " "	.25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	25 to .35
Cranberries per qt	.12
Tallow per lb	.08
Shoulder " "	.14
Side meat " "	.14
Vinegar, per qt	.08
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.18
Raspberries	.18
Cow Hides per lb	.03
Steer " " "	.05
Calf Skin	.40 to .50
Sheep pelts	.90
Shelled corn per bus	.65
Corn meal, cwt	2.00
Bran, "	1.25
Chop "	1.25
Middlings "	1.25
Chickens per lb	.10
Turkeys " "	.14
Geese " "	.10
Ducks " "	.10

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No. 6, delivered	2.50
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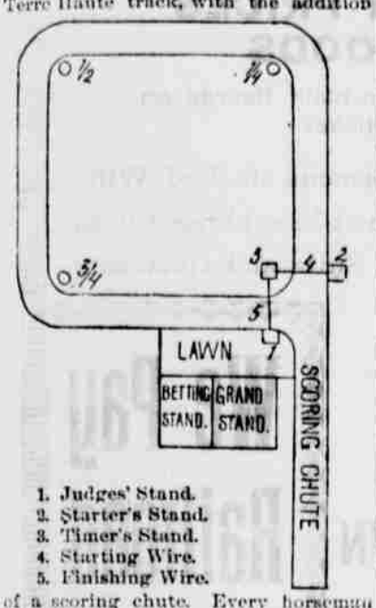
LIVE STOCK.

NEW TROTTING TRACK.

A Scoring Chute That Is Expected to Lower Records.

The illustration of a new trotting track herewith presented will prove of absorbing interest to the tens of thousands engaged in the breeding, training and racing of trotters and pacers. Several tracks throughout the country are claimed to be the "fastest in existence" by the respective associations owning them, but the evidence of the fastest performances points to the Terre Haute (Ind.) track as the "King Bee" of them all. Over this track Queen Nancy trotted to her record of 2:04, which time is also the pacing record for pacers in harness, and Champion Mascot made this record in a race over the Terre Haute track. Records count with trotting tracks as well as with trotting horses.

The track illustrated is virtually the Terre Haute track, with the addition



1. Judges' Stand.
2. Starter's Stand.
3. Timer's Stand.
4. Starting Wire.
5. Finishing Wire.

of a scoring chute. Every horseman will at once perceive the immense advantage of this addition. Nine-tenths of the accidental collisions on the old-fashioned elliptical tracks occur while rounding the first turn. The reason is obvious. The word is given with perhaps ten horses lined up across the track. Before they get fairly settled in their stride they are obliged to swing to the left, like a platoon of soldiers. It is here that the utmost skill of the most experienced drivers is frequently insufficient to keep the horses from breaking and swerving, and collision is inevitable. With the track illustrated the horses have nearly a full quarter-mile after receiving the word before they are asked to negotiate the first turn. By the time it is reached the field is more or less strung out and but two or four are asked to make the turn together, if that many. The turn is short, and before the horse makes up his mind to break he is around it and sailing down a straight stretch with victory ahead, if he trots fast enough.

The scoring chute can be made any desired length. The horses are in the care of the starter until the word "Go" is given. From that instant they are in the hands of the judges until the finishing wire is reached and the drivers have dismounted. Every foot of the track can be seen by the judges and the spectators in the grand stand. The timers are in line with both the starter and the judges, also with the quarter, half-mile and three-quarter poles. No flag is required at the three-quarter pole to enable them to catch the time. If the Terre Haute track is, on account of its shape, the fastest in the country, what will it be with the addition of the straight scoring chute? The comparison has been made with the elliptical track for the reason that the kite track is already a back number. That it is a good track for horses to trot over is beyond a question, but they are so far away from the grand stand so large a part of the journey that people cannot see satisfactorily.

The idea of adding the straight scoring chute is the product of the brain of W. C. Creveling, of St. Louis, well-known throughout the west as "Clem" Creveling, one of the best trotting horse starters in the country. It was while starting the horses at the late Terre Haute meeting that he conceived the idea of the "chute," and all the horsemen, as far as heard from, entertain a very high opinion of its usefulness.—St. Louis Republic.

Fattening Sheep for Market.

We venture the assertion that it will be pretty safe for those in a position to fatten sheep for spring market to do so, and to prepare for early spring lambs. There is always a good profit in doing this, but it seems as though there are circumstances which would warrant small feeders in adopting this system more generally the coming winter. The present condition of finances will deter many wholesale feeders from feeding very extensively next winter. Feeders are and no doubt will be cheap enough, but many won't care to risk any large investments in this line, while others will lack the capital. It looks, then, as though there would be sufficient indications to justify our flockmasters in enlarging this scale of business. The markets will need the usual supply of good lamb and mutton, and prices will certainly be good enough to well remunerate our flockmasters.—Wool and Mutton.

Small Cows Heavy Feeders.

The dairy experiments at the world's fair show that small cows are as heavy feeders as the large ones. The cost of food and production of the Jerseys was but little different from that of the Guerneseys and shorthorns. They consumed more food than the Guernseys and but a trifle less than the shorthorns. This demonstrates that the cost of the food and production do not depend upon the size of the cow.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

NO PERSONAL INCOME TAX.

Who Should Print Postage Stamps?

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1893.

Every animal in the republican menagerie is today howling in concert. The new democratic tariff doesn't suit them. This is not strange, although they pretend to think it so. The Chicago platform declared against the doctrine of protection and in favor of a tariff for revenue only, and the Wilson tariff bill is in letter and spirit strictly in accordance therewith. It gives the largest free list the country has every had and in accordance with the expressed wishes of hundreds of manufacturers in that free list is included much of the raw material used by American manufactures. Among them the following: iron ore, coal, pig tin, hemp, flax, jute, silver, lead ore, copper wool, salt, crude borax, binding twine, cotton ties, and lumber not advanced in preparation beyond sawing. It cuts about every protective item in the McKinley law down to a strictly revenue basis.

The new bill is in the main satisfactory to democrats, although there are some things on the free list that some democratic members of the House would have preferred seeing a small duty retained upon. Prominent among these are iron ore, lead ore and coal, but the democrats on the committee after carefully studying the matter from every point of view concluded that it would be undemocratic to make fish of one and flesh of the other and they were accordingly put on the free list. Those who are best informed believe that the judgment of the majority of the Ways and Means committee will be endorsed by the majority of the House and that the bill will be passed by that body substantially as it is today. The action of the Senate is not so certain. The opposition will be concentrated upon the Senate, because of the slim democratic majority in that body.

There are several reasons why a section providing for a personal income tax was not attached to the bill. In the first place there are quite a number of democrats who are opposed to a personal income tax. But probably the strongest reason of all was the desire to know just how much revenue it will be necessary to raise by an income tax before deciding the rate and method of that tax, a knowledge that could not be obtained until the new tariff bill becomes a law. Meanwhile the tax imposed by the bill upon the net earnings of corporations may prove a satistactory substitute for a more general income tax.

President Cleveland will not, I am informed on good authority, go into the Hawaiian matter in his annual message further than to say that it will be fully treated in a message later. He prefers to wait until the episode is closed before dealing with it in a message to Congress.

Secretary Lamont's annual report was the first to be made public, those of the other members of the cabinet, with the exception of Secretary Carlisle will follow during this week. Secretary Carlisle's report will probably go to Congress before it is published.

Why shouldn't the U. S. government print its own postage stamps? Chief Johnson of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing isn't the first man who has asked that question, but he has asked it in a very practical manner, by submitting figures to the Post Master General showing how much cheaper the Bureau of Engraving and Printing could do the work than any of the private parties who have submitted bids for printing the stamps during 1894. An unofficial estimate is that the government could save at least $25,000 a year by printing its own postage stamps. There is a doubt it seems as to whether the Post Master General can under the present laws give the contract to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the matter is now being considered and will in a few days be decided.

Secretary Herbert thinks, notwithstanding the present depressed condition of government finances, that we should continue making addition to our navy, and his annual report will recommend the construction during the next fiscal year of one battle ship and four torpedo cruisers, and there is reason to believe that the recommendation will be endorsed by the President's message. Representative Cummings, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, says there will be no trouble in getting a bill favorably reported from that committee to carry out the Secretary's recommendations, and that he hopes the bill will get through all right, but it is plain to see that he has some doubts about it. There is a number ofdemocrats in the House who will oppose any further expenditures for new vessels at this time, some because they think the navy already large enough, and others because they think the money cannot be spared.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Letters From Dr James B. Neal.

We have just cast anchor in the mouth of this river, the same one which Mrs. Neal and I lived on for two months in famine time, and have thus reached the end of our steamer travel. We have still three or four days journey overland, so we shall not reach Chinanfoo before Tuesday or Wednesday of next week, but even that will make a saving of several days over the trip overland. We came on board this boat on Tuesday evening at Chefoo and weighed anchor about half past one the next morning, but had not proceeded more than thirty miles on our way up the coast when our boiler sprung a leak. As there was a high wind and heavy sea repairs could not be made at sea so we were compelled to return under sail to the shelter of the Chefoo bluff, where we lay until about 2 a. m. the next morning, losing thereby a whole day. That night of tossing on the Gulf of Pachili stands out in our memory as one of the most uncomfortable nights we have ever spent on ship or on shore. In the first place this boat is a small one and used only for coast service and has only one cabin for foreign passengers, which I of course left for the use of Mrs. Neal and Miss Pondexter, intending to sleep myself in the dining room. But before they could get settled they discovered the beds were full of roaches and silk worms, so they were afraid to sleep in them. So we all took our traveling bedding up on the deck, and settled down there for a night's sleep. We were really very comfortable then and should have gotten along famously if a squall had not come up and the rain driven us inside. Then the girls took the top of the dining table covered with a travelling mattress, and I took a lounge and we tried to sleep, but alas, such a time as we did have! Never have I known in all my experience such rolling and tumbling and tossing about as we had that night. Such rattling and breaking of dishes and tumbling of chairs until it seemed sometimes our ship would turn bottom side up. Never shall I forget the way poor Mrs. Neal and Miss P. kept sliding first forward and then backward on the top of their slippery table, every once and awhile starting up with a horrified exclamation of fear, lest they were falling off into space. To me it was most amusing until seasickness, to which even Mrs. Neal had to succumb, attacked me, when the novelty of the situation lost its charms, and I was only too glad when we dipped anchor about 9 a. m. in quieter waters, and we could crawl out and get a breath of fresh air. You can imagine however, what our feelings were to have to realize that we had endured all this, and traveled nearly sixty miles only to find ourselves again in sight our of starting point. After breakfast the captain and first mate left in a sail boat to Chefoo to take word to the Chefoo office, but in trying to land, their boat upset and they were in the water about an hour before they were picked up by a Chinese tampan, so you see we had various and very varied experiences that first day. Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock we took another start westward and when we woke up we found it a beautiful bright day with smooth sea over which we sailed all day stopping at two Chinese ports, at the latter of which we went ashore with the captain, Mrs. Neal and Miss P. gathering shells while I went with the captain for some gunning along the shore. We bagged nine birds which we are to have for tiffin (lunch) this noon. Our captain is most agreeable and attentive; he has given up his room for two nights to the ladies and had the cabin cleaned so I have been able to sleep there. We are to leave the boat and start overland, but our journey will soon be over and by coming this way we have saved time and discomfort in Chinese inns. It seems somewhat natural to see once more this desolate famine country with its low lying shores and flatness so depressing in its monotony. We are all quite well and glad to be getting on so well as we are, though we are now two days behind time, the boat leaving Chefoo one day late. We expect to find several boats from Chinanfoo awaiting us when we get ashore as I telegraphed for four to be sent down. We go up on a cargo boat in a little while with our goods.

JAMES B. NEAL.

ON BOARD NATIVE BOAT, SIXTY MILES FROM CHINANFOO
October 3, 1893.

We are at last drawing near to the end of our long journey, and I can assure you we shall be glad when it is all over and we are again settled down in Chinanfoo. We hope to get there day after to-morrow, if all goes well, but both yesterday and to-day we have made such poor time we may possibly be delayed an extra day. We left Shangha two weeks ago to day, after spending three days there, one of which was Sunday, attending to various matters, and reached Cheefoo in about forty-eight hours. Here we were delayed five days, waiting for a small coast steamer, which runs only once a week. At last we got off, after we had grown very tired of waiting, and in about two days reached the end of our sea voyaging, which had begun just a month before at Vancouver.

The place where we landed is merely a Chinese village, and not the most attractive sort of one, as it is built away out on the northern limit of an extremely flat, barren region, with few or no trees to relieve the monotony of the bare landscape. Here we found a man from Chinanfoo waiting for us with four small native boats, which I had telegraphed from Cheefoo for, and in the afternoon of the following day we embarked on this river, which we have been following steadily for the past three days and more, sometimes making excellent progress, when the wind has been favorable, at other times, getting on very slowly. We have with us not only our own things for our new house, but a number of packages for others in Chinanfoo. So we found ourselves our first night out very much crowded, as three boats were filled with goods. The next day, however, we succeeded in having two more boats, that is a pair, for they always go in pairs, one behind the other. so since then we have been much more comfortable. I wish you could see us as our caravan, or rather, fleet, moves slowly up the river. Each boat is, perhaps, twenty-five feet long, and in the middle is covered with mats, spread over bamboo arches, about three feet and a half high in the centre, and sloping down to the sides of the boat, thus covering over a space about seven by five feet, which is used for sleeping purposes at night, and for lounging in during the day. The exposed ends of the boats are used, the back one by the boatman who poles, the two middle ones for seats and native stove for cooking, and the front one for various articles, and at times by the second boatman, who, when not pulling on the bank, stands there and poles, unless the wind is strong enough to get on without poling. The above description applies to the two boats we occupy ourselves. The four other boats are loaded with goods in the middle under the matting, so arranged as to be cool enough for sleeping places at night by the boatmen.

When the wind is favorable we have our sails hoisted, each pair of boats having one sail, but when there is no wind or it is contrary, one man pulls a long rope fastened to the mast and one poles behind.

Our first night was rendered uncomfortable not only by our being crowded but also by rain, which came down steadily most of the night and dripped through the lower parts of our matting cover and blew into the more or less exposed ends of our shelter, so that we had a hard time to worry through the night. Since then however we have had no more rain and hope we may be spared any more such experiences. The second day out we passed through the region where four years ago we lived for two months and distributed famine relief. I visited the village we made our headquarters during that time and was very pleasantly received by those who knew me but I was made heartsick by the looks of the place, which instead of improving has gone steadily backward ever since the great famine, owing to repeated floods from year to year. In fact they are constantly suffering from famine in that region, whole companies of the people, men, women and children going off for hundreds of miles to beg in droves for food. We used to have them by fifties in Tungehow from the region of the Yellow River, two or three hundred miles away. The Yellow River, with its constantly recurring floods, is truly "China's Sorrow." We have found evidences all along for the past three days of the direful influence of China's fatal river, the country for miles showing the recently dried mud or the pools of standing water made by the last flood which took place over two months ago. As we go farther south and from the sea we are getting away from the desolate flat barren country we started in, and into more thrifty and prosperous looking regions and nearer to the hills, without which I think any place looks so uninteresting. When we reach Chinanfoo we shall be right at the foot of hills to the south, and on the edge of the immense plain which stretches far away to the north away beyond Peking, Chinanfoo., Oct. 7th.

We reached here, as we expected to about noon day before yesterday and since then have been busy readjusting ourselves to our surroundings, becoming acquainted with the new members of our station, and greeting our Chinese friends. It warms our hearts to see how cordial many of the Chinese seem to feel toward us and how glad they seem to have us back. The one whom I have had most pleasure in seeing again is Mr. Ma, or pernaps I might almost call him Dr. Ma, who was my most faithful assistant for about seven years during my first stay in China and who studied medicine with me in the first medical class. He is a most estimable christian and a thoroughly reliable man. It seems very nice to be back again among the Chinese. I realize more and more how much both L. and I love them and how pleasant it is to live and work among them. We are being entertained for the present until we can get our rented Chinese house in order, which we shall occupy until we secure a suitable site for our new house in the suberb. The land on which the hospital is built is too small I fear, to accommodate our house too. The prospects seem good for getting more land soon. On Monday, day after tomorrow, I begin again the teaching of the medical class of five and my regular dispensary work, so that what with this regular work and the putting up of more hospital buildings I shall be very busy.

JAMES B. NEAL.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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This is not the ordinary $10 Suit. It's Fine All Wool, color guaranteed.

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Our Great Thanksgiving Gift, "An American Beauty,"

The exquisite new floral panel-picture by the same artist who painted those lovely works of art "*A Yard of Pansies*" and "*A Yard of Roses*," will, by special arrangement with the publishers, be sent free to every reader of this paper. This superb picture is 20 inches high, and in panel form, and thus admirably adapted for upright narrow spaces, which are always so difficult to fill.

To obtain this valuable present you have only to cut out the appended coupon and fill it up, enclosing three cents in stamps or pennies, for packing, mailing, etc., to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMORREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York, who will send the picture direct to you, thus avoiding the additional expense which would be incurred if sent to us in the first instance and then remailed to your address.

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Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

They may talk of the devotion to the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love—with herself.

Cream—not Skim Milk.

Every farmer and villager, their wives and boys and girls, will be interested in the big little, cream-not-skim-milk paper, the FARM JOURNAL, of Philadelphia. Its 200,000 subscribers are scattered from Maine to Washington, and from Michigan to Texas. It's breezy, crisp, boiled-down pages contain as much information in the course of the year as many of the high-priced weeklies; while its earnest, manly tone and its bright and common sense way of treating farm matters leaves a good and lasting taste in one's mouth. The subscription price is 50 cents a year. We have made arrangements with the publisher by which he will send it one full year free, to all who promptly pay up for our paper. Sample copies will be sent free by addressing a postal request to FARM JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa. 10-6-2 m.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure,' for Rheumatism and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by C. A. Kleim, Druggist, Bloomsburg. 11-10-8m.

The publication of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" took place on March 20, 1852.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses, purifies and heals. It was made for that purpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

A lot of new notes of the sharpest kind have just been printed and are for sale at this office. Also common receipts, estate receipts, and collectors' receipts, neatly bound in books of 25, 50 and 100. tf.

No better aid to digestion.
No better cure for dyspepsia.
Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at Less Cost than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, County, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO., Washington, D. C.
(Opposite U. S. Patent Office.)

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleans the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Sense of Taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. **HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N.Y.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

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CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

Plans and Estimates on all kinds of buildings Repairing and carpenter work promptly attended to.

Dealer in Builder's Supplies.

Inside Hardwood finishes a specialty.

Persons of limited means who desire to build can pay part and secure balance by mortgage.

The Bloomsburg Steam Dye Works,

on West St. between 2nd and 3rd, are now prepared to do all kinds of

Mens' Suits, Ladies' Dresses and Coats,

Shawls, and every description of wearing apparel. Also, we do scouring, cleaning and pressing of goods that do not need dyeing, and make them clean and sweet as new.

Goods sent by express should be addressed

Bloomsburg Steam Dye Works.

The Columbian.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

The Columbia Democrat,

ESTABLISHED 1837. CONSOLIDATED 1869.

—PUBLISHED BY—

GEO. E. ELWELL

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

at Bloomsburg, the County seat of Columbia County, Pennsylvania.

TERMS.—Inside the county, $1.00 a year in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Outside the county, $1.25 a year, strictly in advance.

All communications should be addressed to

THE COLUMBIAN,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

The postmaster general has authorized a standing reward of $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of any person who shall rob the mail while being conveyed in mail cars; $500 for any one who shall rob the mail while passing over star routes, and $250 for any one who shall attempt to rob the mail while in transit.

Two severe earthquake shocks were felt in the Northern States and Canada at nearly midday Monday. In Montreal it was the most severe shock felt for years. The people rushed into the streets, fearing that buildings would fall. The ice in the canal was broken up. At St. Atbans and Burlington, Vt., it was equally severe, lasting from ten to fifteen seconds. At Gerkham, New Hampshire, it was very severe. The two distinct shocks were felt in New York State at the following places: Malone, Rome, Watertown, Canayohone, Cleyton, Plattsburg, Ogdensburg and Troy.

From a recent issue of the *Druggist's Circular and Chemical Gazette* we clip the following for the benefit of our readers:

"In a recent issue of the New York *World* there was published a two-column article entitled 'Caught by Common Salt,' in which that paper stated how a firm doing business under the name of the Koal Spar Co., was reaping a rich harvest by putting on the market in handsome lithograph packages a substance called 'Koal Spar,' which they extolled in extensive advertisements as a 'great discovery' for the saving of coal, and which proved on analysis by chemists employed by the *World*, to be nothing more nor less than an impure quality of common rock salt."

Judge Gunster, of the Lackawanna court, has rendered a decision in which he denies the authority of boroughs to compel railroad companies to build safety gates at railroad crossings within the limits of such boroughs. In his opinion the learned Judge says: "It is somewhat strange that the question before me has not been brought to the attention of the Supreme Court, but counsel for both parties inform me that after diligent search they have been unable to find any decision of it. I have been unable to find any myself in the limited time allowed me. The power claimed may be desirable and in view of the immense growth of the population of the Commonwealth may be necessary, but unless the State has conferred it on boroughs, they do not have it, and courts have no power to grant it. We are unable to find any law which specifically or by implication confers it. After carefully examining the question we are of the opinion that the ordinance in question as set forth in the case stated is not valid or binding upon the defendant company, and judgment is entered on the case stated in favor of the defendant."—*Wyoming Democrat.*

TIME TO DO SOMETHING.

It is now more than a year since the people elected Grover Cleveland President of the United States, and placed the administration of the government in Democratic hands. As it was a great victory for the Democratic party, that party had a right to expect that it would be permitted to enjoy the fruits of that victory. But time goes on, and, with the exception of a few country postmasters, Republican officeholders continue unmolested in the enjoyment of remunerative positions, and the applications and recommendations of prominent Democrats all over the country are ignored, and there are beginning to be mutterings of discontent all along the line. In fact, one of the most potent factors that created the apathy in the Democratic ranks, which resulted in disastrous defeat to them on November 4th, is the slowness of the administration in making appointments. When the Republicans elect a President, they are not slow in giving the garnd bounce to everybody that has a suspicion of Democracy about him, and we honor them for it. The party in power is entitled to the assistance of its political friends, and there ought to be no further delay in making appointments.

Thousands of lives are saved annually by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, the Pectoral has a most marvelous effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

How to Say Hawaii.

"How do you pronounce the name of the island kingdom which wants to be annexed to the United States?" was a frequent question recently. The most commonly accepted orthoepy is, "Hah wi e,' the second syllable is accented, and the "i" long as in "pine." The question was once asked of a high-caste Hawaiian lady, well educated in her own and the English language. She answered:

"The proper pronounciation is Hah vah-e-e. There is no "w" in our alphabet, and no letter or combination of letters which takes the sound of 'w,' as in English. The missionaries who first translated our language found it difficult to pronounce or express the sound which is, to my ear, correctly conveyed by the letter 'v' softened and made full. Our 'a' is pronounced broad, as you pronounce it in 'fall,' and our 'i' is like the English 'e' The rule is to pronounce every vowel, and as the exception to the rule does not affect the double 'i' in Hawaii you will see that the word is 'Hah vah-e-e.'"

These are the twelve letters of the Hawaiian language, with their pronounciation: A (ah), e (a), o (oh), o (oo), h (hay), k (kay), l (lah), m (moo), n (noo), p (pay), v (vay). There is no zound of "i," as in the English language, except where "ai" follows "w," or, as the Hawaiian lady would insist, "v." There is a great difference in the language as spoken by the high and low caste Hawaiians. The low caste speak with a succession of explosive staccato gutturals; the high caste with a liquid flow that makes it a beautiful language. The insistence upon the "v" instead of the "w" sound is considered, even by some of the educated and all of the uneducated as something of an affectation.—Languages.

Pathology as Opposed to Physiology

Physiology relates to healthy actions of the human body; Pathology relates to diseased actions.

It has been remarked: "A physician that could enumerate a sick person's symptoms without being told where the pain was located must be very clever." It is understood that the expression of the countenance is something of an index to the physical condition. A physician as a detective in ferreting out diseases, it is possible for him to glance at the gestures and countenance of an individual, and from the drawn, distorted and pallid features recognize the presence of disease. And it is possible in some instances to pronounce the name of the disease. But it is not possible to do so in all diseases without a careful physical examination and the patient's effort to aid him. If he should jump at a conclusion and make no mistake as to the name of the disease, he would have no difficulty in enumerating the symptoms, for every disease has symptoms peculiar to itself. A specialist would know how and where to look for them, and the means of care. Having examined a patient, and satisfied with his diagnosis of a disease, if he chooses to question further for the patient's satisfaction his question would lead to the symptoms, (locality and character of pain.) The patient would answer in the affirmative. It should make little difference to the patient what the name of his disease except to satisfy a morbid curiosity. It would be satisfactory for him to know that he had been cured, and no symptoms of disease remaining. A true physician would not hesitate to pronounce the name of a disease when it was requested of him. When an individual is sick he generally knows from his sensations the character of pain and about where it is located. Some diseases approach suddenly without warning, others come on gradually, insidiously, and without definite culmination which makes it difficult to prevent sickness, and requires skillful management to break it up in the start as well as to cure it after it has become established. The principal object in this is to enumerate some of the most notable symptoms in some chronic diseases of a grave character under respective numbers. Sufferers will readily recognize a similarity in their sensations to the description herein given.

Healthy people will scarcely give it attention as it will seem like a medical advertisement. There are many however, that will certainly experience the symptoms I will presently write, and with this reminder they would know when to seek medical aid, and if no one can be found to properly diagnose their diseases the writer would do so, and effect cures. The symptoms under the first number are:

No I.

Muscular debility, general weakness, pale lips, inner surface of eye lids pale, and other mucous surfaces pale, tongue flabby and generally indented by the teeth, musmass in vessels of the neck, shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, hands and feet cold and sometimes damp, head light, ringing in the ears and head, motes before the eyes, numbness of the limbs, depression of the spirits, pain in brow over the eyes, thirst and sometimes convulsions.

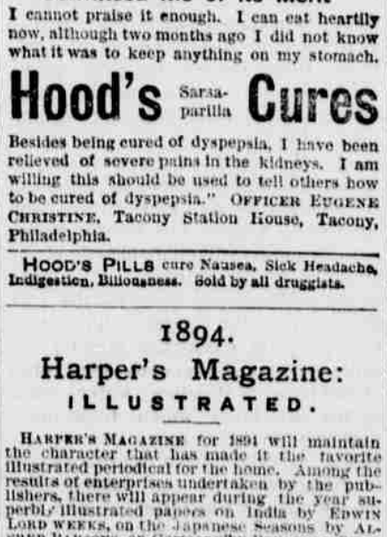
The causes that produce this train of symptoms are numerous and some of them tend to sudden death. They are curable if medical treatment be applied in time.

No. II.

The symptoms under this number are not variable, except in intensity, not perverted as to locality. Any one afflicted with them in any part of the body, from their sensations will perceive a correctness in description here given. The capital feature is pain. This may be either lancinating or contusive. The lancinating is sharp, paroxysmal, shooting or darting from place to place. The contusing is a dull aching, burning, boring, bearing, tensive and compressive pain. The pain may be deep seated or superficied, and even in the skin. In all this there is a pressure exerted due in a measure to changes in temperature. The next symptom is tenderness on pressure. A contusive pain can be excited at any time when pressure is exerted. Whereas the lancinating pain is always paroxysmal. To develop pain by pressure, this must be directed on the part effected. The seat of pain being very small, not more than a quarter to a half inch in diameter. Lancinating pains are produced from various causes. Sometimes the parts are not only painful but wasted and paralized. The longer the disease is neglected the longer it will take to cure it.

DR. J. R. EVANS.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Officer Eugene Christine
Of Philadelphia.

An Officer's Battle

He Might Have Lost But for Assistance

How It Was Given, and the Inevitable Result.

An officer connected with the Tacony Station house, Philadelphia, has had a severe battle with a monster, or a demon, he hardly knows which to call it. We will let him tell the story in his own words:

"I Want to Say a Word

about what Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me. I was troubled the worst way with dyspepsia. Why, I could not eat anything at breakfast without distress, and when I did manage to eat a little it would all come up again. I tried almost everything I heard of to find relief, but still I suffered. At last I was told just how I felt and what Hood's Sarsaparilla would do for me by an advertisement in a paper. I decided to try the medicine, and realized all the benefit promised. It was what Hood's Sarsaparilla actually did for me that

Convinced me of its Merit

I cannot praise it enough. I can eat heartily now, although two months ago I did not know what it was to keep anything on my stomach.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Besides being cured of dyspepsia, I have been relieved of severe pains in the kidneys. I am willing this should be used to tell others how to be cured of dyspepsia." OFFICER EUGENE CHRISTINE, Tacony Station House, Tacony, Philadelphia.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

1894.
Harper's Magazine:
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1894 will maintain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of enterprises undertaken by the publishers, there will appear during the year superbly illustrated papers on India by EDWIN LORD WEEKS, on the Japanese Seasons by ALFRED PARSONS, on Germany by POULTNEY BIGELOW, on Paris by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, and on Mexico by FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by GEORGE DU MAURIER and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, the personal reminiscenses of W. D. HOWELLS, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by OWEN WISTER. Short stories will also be contributed by BRANDER MATTHEWS, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, MARY E. WILKINS, RUTH MCENERY STUART, Miss LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA, GEORGE A. HIBBARD, QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, THOMAS NELSON PAGE, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

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furnishes the best advantages at the lowest cost. A school of national reputation. Graduates assisted to paying business positions.

Write for catalogue. Mention this paper.

11-30-4t. d

JUST THINK

OF IT! AT

LOWENBERG'S CLOSING OUT SALE.

— 100 —

ELEGANT

MENS' SUITS.

Some that sold for 15 and 18 dollars go for **$8.75**

The Goods must be turned into money.

—Some—

Overcoats

that cost 10 dollars go for **$5.00**

—A good many—

ELEGANT

CHILDRENS

SUITS AND

OVERCOATS

at the same great sacrifice.

MENS' ODD

COATS

and ODD

PANTS

at Slaughtering Prices.

—You Put—

DOLLARS

in your pocket by buying now at——

LOWENBERG'S CLOSING OUT SALE.

EPP'S Cocoa

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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We Pay Railroad Fare . .

NEARLY thirty thousand buyers have availed themselves of our system of paying Railroad Fare.

The plan is very simple. Buy a moderate amount of goods—from $10 to $40—show your Railroad Ticket, and receive in cash full amount paid for ticket.

LOWEST PRICES
BEST GOODS

Prices marked in plain figures on the ticket

We have an enormous stock of **Winter Clothing** that must be sold regardless of profit. The best Suits and Overcoats from $10 to $30.

WANAMAKER & BROWN

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PHILADELPHIA

We Pay Railroad Fare . .

WE WANT TO GIVE YOU
FREE
ON JANUARY 4, 1894,

The following beautiful and useful gifts.

We spend hundreds of dollars on advertising and this is one of our methods, to induce you to visit us. In our window we have a

Solid Mahogany Parlor Suit, Price 75 Dollars.
Wilton Rug Couch - " 17 "
Toilet Set, 11 Pieces - " 12 "

To every CASH purchaser of goods to the amount of $2.50, we give a numbered ticket. This may be the number which will obtain one of the above gifts. Kindly bear in mind that we have not raised our prices to meet this heavy extra expense. One price, and that the lowest.

RUGS! RUGS! RUGS!

We have just received a superb line of Rugs in Smyrnas, Wiltons, Daghestans', La Paris, (the latest fad in Rugs). All sizes and prices. Nothing better for holiday presents.

CURTAINS.

New lines in the latest patterns and colorings. We also show a fine line of Chenilles, suitable for covering that shabby couch of yours. You can't imagine how it will improve the appearance of the room.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Fresh Goods being opened every day. We have gifts to suit every one's pocket book. We realize how hard times are, and what we are after is to give you the biggest dollar's worth we can.

CARPETS.

For the same price that you pay elsewhere, we will make and line your carpets free. Extra Supers from 35 cents up to 75 cents.

We bought a specially low priced line of Smith's Brussels, which we will give you for 67 cts. This includes making and lining.

Oil cloths at all prices and cut any length or size.

Groceries.		Dry Goods.	
French Prunes (this season's crop) 2 pounds for	25 cts.	Basting Cotton 2 spools	5 cts.
Sugar, - -	6 cts.	Extra Comfortables	$1 60
Arbuckle's Coffee,	24 cts	Blankets per pair	1 15
Fine Raisins, 2 lbs. for	25 cts.	Ladies' Coats, made by the only manufacturer who took the World's Fair Prize.	
Mackerel — Norways', fine as chicken, -	15 to 20 cts	Feather Ticking, -	12½ cts.

We carry the finest lot of FURNITURE in central Pennsylvania, and we give special rates to newly married couples.

If we can't sell you anything, haven't you something you can sell us. Highest prices paid for butter, eggs, chickens, etc.

Snyder & Magee Company, Limited,

FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS

BLOOMSBURG, - PA.

A FAMOUS STORY.

Confound the fellow!"

Sylvester Wade said it aloud, and I under my breath. Perhaps I had the more reason, for I had received a nasty knock on the knee from Wade's bag. But, then, it was my fault. I was making a reckless dash for the high-level platform at Willesden Junction, and I came into violent collision with the detective. We recoiled and recognized each other. Then the flash of anger was exchanged for a laugh—rueful on my side—and we grasped hands.

"You are in a hurry, Mr. Curtis,"

"I was, but I have time to talk to you."

"Ah, you are on the lookout for news. But I haven't done much for you yet. The trail of our man is uncommonly hard to find. Still, I think I shall do it. I've word from the north about it now, and I am taking the express to Liverpool. It is news that has come in an odd way, but I am bound to test it. We musn't let our party slip out of the country without leaving us an address. It is a little awkward for me to go. There has been a robbery at Cadmore Manor—Mr. Gerald Humber's place. Know it?"

"Yes; a little."

"He has wired me to go down at once, and get at the bottom of it. But I can't; or, at all events, that must wait. My first obligation is to you—to run to earth the rogue who swindled your father so audaciously. I will try to effect that, if it is only because the trickster shows such good sport and has such a bag of ruses. I am on my mettle."

"Which means that we shall win."

And, indeed, I have never known a man in the spy business of to-day so clever, so successful, and withal so thorough a good fellow as Sylvester Wade. It was native aptitude not to be repressed that had put him into his profession and that kept him there, even when, as he owned to me, he sometimes loathed it.

"I hope so."

As Wade spoke, a rumble was in the air. He again put out his hand.

"Time's up—she's coming along," he said. "It's rarely I have many minutes to spare, unless I figure for some reason as a station ghost. But I don't care about driving the thing as close as you do. I can't afford to be cut out of the running by, perhaps, some conspirator in a hurry. Hope to wire you good tidings to-morrow. Ta-ta."

The express was slowing in; and I had a notion that Wade wanted to follow his own devices in selecting a seat and companionship. I, therefore, accepted my dismissal, and was soon climbing the stairs again. I little thought that this meeting was part of a curious double chance which would shatter an ingenious piece of villainy and help me to my own. Looking back, I see that I met Wade in the nick of time. His errand on my behalf is easily described: My father had been ruined through the machinations of scoundrels. He was an honest country gentleman—a Curtis, of Paigaton Curtis—and land values fell, and men farmed to their ruin. He fell a victim to money-lenders, and they sucked him dry. There was cheating in the transactions that made him bankrupt and killed him with the blow. Wade was in pursuit of the rogue who had bagged the spoils. If he could be caught there was a probability that something might be recovered and buy me a minor city partnership. I was waiting to see if it would be so.

What I had now heard had set me face to face with another old problem. Nobody could mention Codmore Manor to me without giving a fillip to my imagination and causing me to see visions. Mirage pictures, I called them, when sober sense began to criticise. But they came constantly, and they were fair, and I fed upon them when my days were full of desolation. I saw the daintiest maiden in all my home shire smiling at me because I called her, with strange, mad daring, Christie. And I saw the small oval face flush through its tints soft olive, and the hazel eyes first droop and then uplift with a glorious wonder of faith in them. Sometimes there followed the vision of a pleasant fireside and Christie Humber, changed into Christie Curtis, seated there, and making home for the luckiest fellow in the great town.

When the steady consideration of hard facts wrung the romance out of my mood, I had to admit that few things were less likely than that this should come to pass. My fortunes were under a cloud; and though our old neighbor at Cadmore Manor was outwardly genial when we met, I was aware that the sudden check to our intercourse meant that I was to harbor no foolish thoughts about his daughter. My prospects were not brilliant before the catastrophe; they were now dubious in the extreme. Gerald Humber was a rich railway contractor, who had himself twice married well, and who would naturally look for a good match for Christie. Whatever words of dangerous regard had been spoken when the storm was only a threat must fall to the ground. He would convince his daughter that as a serious suitor I was impossible.

Yet when I reached my rooms in Kensington there was a telegram lying on the table from Christie's father.

It said: "If you want to hear of L. C., come immediately."

"L. C." could only mean Levi Colborne, which was the name (or alias) of the rascally schemer whom Sylvester Wade had gone to Liverpool to seek. It puzzled me already. Of course, my determination was soon taken. I did not understand how Gerald Humber should have news of our man; but policy demanded that I should seize every chance of enlightment. In addition I might probably see and speak with Christie, and the thought quickened me to eagerness. The telegram had not been in long, and after reading it I did not lose an unnecessary second.

Twilight was beginning to close in as I crawled up the Manor avenue in a lugubrious fly, which was all that Henthbury station had to offer in the way of a road conveyance. It was a hilly drive of more than three miles to Cadmore Manor. As we stopped, a light form, dressed in soft gray, tripped out into the great porch. My heart was beating as if a drum were there—a treacherous manifestation. I had schooled myself all the way to be matter-of-fact and self-possessed, and to let hope finally drift away. But in Christie's presence I somehow forgot good resolutions.

"It is really you—Mr. Curtis," she said, with, I fancied, an odd little break and quaver. "I was almost afraid that the message had missed, or that you could not come. Mr. Wade does not know that we have sent for you."

"Mr. Wade!" I ejaculated, helplessly.

"Yes; Mr. Wade is here. Yesterday was my twenty-first birthday"—the voice dropped to a musical whisper, and the damask kindled on Christie's cheeks—"and papa had intended to give me a ring—a very expensive one, I believe; and it was stolen the day before. He was very angry; and is still set on finding the thief out. Mamma has a new lady's companion, who pleases her very much. Miss Kesworth has the best testimonials; and she recommended putting the case into the hands of Mr. Wade. Papa decided to do so."

"Do you mean Mr. Sylvester Wade, Miss Humber?"

"Yes, that is the name. I saw it on the top of the telegram. He wired first to say he could not come, having to go to the north on urgent duty. Then, afterwards, he came. He had put aside the other matter to please

SEATED THERE, HER EYES UPLIFT WITH A GLORIOUS WONDER OF FAITH IN THEM.

papa—to earn a good fee, I suppose that means. And it transpired that the business he was on was yours. When he found that out, we did not quite like it; and papa sent to you, thinking you ought, at least, to hear what Mr. Wade had discovered in reference to this Levi Colborne, and then, if you wish the affair pressed on, papa will insist on Mr. Wade's fulfilling your orders."

The girl paused. But I was wandering in a maze of conjecture, and was in no haste to respond.

"The reason why papa was specially anxious to have the mystery cleared up, and relieve our people of awkward suspicions, is because my jewels were brought here last night," Christie went on. "You remember I told you that my own mother's jewels were to stay in a bank until I was twenty-one, and then were to be given me. A confidential agent came down with them. They are magnificent—far too fine for modest insignificant me."

A happy excitement dominated Christie's manner, and her bright ingenuousness perilously swayed my own feelings.

"No, no," I said, in protest against her self-depreciation. But a change on Christie's countenance stopped me from going further. We were still standing in the hall, and at this moment Mr. Humber appeared.

The master of Cadmore Manor came from the library. His greeting was frigid, and acted like a douche of cold water.

I mentioned that it had so happened by a small coincidence that I had been occupied on the other side of Henthury during the greater part of the day. Then I had returned to town, got his wire, and once more made for my old home district.

"It has come about at an inconvenient time," he said, stiffly. "I am sorry, but I fear you will have to put up for the night at the Red Lion in Cadmore village. We are disabled just now, and cannot offer you hospitality. The workmen are in one wing of the house. We have also enlarged the establishment. Mrs. Humber has now a lady's companion. Wade, too, will be staying on the ground, I take it."

"Say nothing about it, Mr. Humber," I answered. "A comfortable old English inn is good enough for me, and that is the character I have always heard given to the Red Lion at Cadmore."

"Yes. You will be all right. Deakin will be proud of a visitor from the Manor, particularly one bearing your name. I presume that my daughter has told you, Mr. Curtis, how it is that Wade is here?"

"Of course I have, papa," Christie put in.

"It is a bewildering affair," I said.

My words had a deeper meaning than my hearers could guess, for had I not seen the detective off for Liverpool? If he really went by the express he could not possibly alter his course until Rugby was reached. No energy and no artifice could then have planted him at Cadmore Manor within the time. I was at a loss to know what to make of it. The only surmise that seemed to offer a solution of the conundrum was that Wade changed his mind even as he and I talked; but with a secrecy natural in the circumstances, did not say as much. I could not positively depose that he had taken his place in the train.

However, as we appeared to be both under one roof, as, indeed, I had been brought here to see him, it was likely I should soon have the truth.

"I hate mysteries," growled Gerald Humber, "and I will shrink from no trouble that will reveal the rogue who has made way with Christie's ring. Wade gives me to understand that he has already a promising clue."

"If Sylvester Wade cannot help you I fear the chances of recovery are small," I answered.

"I will tell him that you are here."

But when the master of the house rejoined Christie and me, together with Mrs. Humber and Miss Kesworth, in the drawing room his face had appreciably darkened. There was almost a scowl as he glanced across at Christie. It was easy to see that he blamed her. I learned later, what I suspected then, that it was Christie who had skilfully challenged his honor on the point, and had triumphed. But, noting the accord between us, and perhaps a certain gaiety returned after absence to his daughter's mood, he was angry that he had yielded. The more so because of what he had now to state.

"Well, the plan doesn't work," he said. "Wade is touchy at the interference. I might have guessed that is how it would be. He will not mix up engagements."

"But he has done so," I interjected. The frown remained, but no attention was paid to my remark.

"He has insisted all along on extreme caution and privacy regarding the object of his visit, and he considers that we are endangering everything. There is something in that. Of course the servants have no idea there is a detective in the house. They do not know the real name. Wade is passing as a Mr. Gimble."

I started. A queer reminiscence had come to me. But a moment's thought seemed to show that any theory founded on this must be absurdly far-fetched, and I really did not entertain the idea.

"But he has a duty Mr. Curtis," said Christie, with a brave front and kindling eyes.

"I must leave Wade to fight his battles when Mr. Curtis takes him to task. All that I have to do under present conditions is to report Wade's view and proposals. He will have nothing to say to Mr. Curtis here. But if Mr. Curtis remains at the 'Red Lion' till three to-morrow afternoon, he will meet him there."

My pride was in arms. It was cavalier treatment, marked, as I considered, by the coolest effrontery imaginable. This was the worst of men who knew that they had no real rivals in their profession or calling. They could be as high and mighty as princelings. But, at least, it agreed with the hypothesis that Wade had tricked me on the Willesden platform. The feeling that he was in the wrong, and had done a mean thing and was trapped, would lead to an openly insolent line of action: There is a defiance that serves for defence. It went against the grain to submit, but where was my choice?

"Please to inform Mr. Wade that I will make it my business to keep that appointment," I said bitterly.

"It is a shame!" cried Christie.

The clatter of a gong broke in opportunely on a strained situation.

"You will dine with us, Mr. Curtis?" said Mrs. Humber. She was a kindly, harmless woman, whom rumor said her husband bullied.

I hesitated. But Gerald Humber had to tone down what was disagreeable to his sense of courtesy in the precautions he had taken to ensure my leaving the Manor that night. He would hear of no refusal.

When we sat down I missed the detective, but as domestics were present, nothing was said. (I sat opposite Christie and by the side of Miss Kesworth.) To this newcomer in the Manor household I had paid slight heed since the introduction. In the drawing room she had the faculty of effacing herself.

THE MASTER OF CADMORE MANOR CAME FROM THE LIBRARY. HIS GREETING WAS FRIGID.

But, now before I was aware of it, I was drawn out, and had spoken of my father's misfortunes, and of our hope and full expectation that we should yet wind the meshes of the law about the feet of Levi Colborne. It was only when the queries were taking me into the domain of our painfully acquired and incomplete knowledge of Colborne's subsequent movements that I awoke to the unwisdom of what I was saying. I had replied in nearly an automatic manner, my real interest as much concerned with Christie and Christie's looks and Christie's very occasional words. Sylvester Wade would certainly have laid an embargo on my tongue. Yet what could it matter if I had half disclosed the hand we held at this friendly table. A woman is a gossip and curious by privilege of sex, and it was quite natural that Miss Kesworth should be interested in what had been a more than nine days' scandal of our countryside. My right-hand companion had a dulcet voice which expressed a soothing pity for me, and, hardening a little, waxed indignant with Colborne.

"A bad man! And Mr. Wade ought to be looking for him now instead of wasting time over my ring. I wish

I SAT OPPOSITE CHRISTIE AND BY THE SIDE OF MISS KESWORTH.

papa had never bought it for me," said Christie. And for that sympathy, what risks of premature disclosure would I not have run!

"Levi Colborne must evidently be a thorough rogue and a clever one," observed Miss Kesworth.

She rose in obedience to Mrs. Humber's signal, and the dinner was at end. I should have found it unutterably formal and prosy but for my fair girl's presence.

Gerald Humber had already been called away, or perhaps Christie would not have uttered her thought so freely.

I now took farewell, saying that I would meet Mr. Humber, at any rate, before leaving the neighborhood on the morrow. But Christie refused to see her mother-in-law's puckered eyebrows and tiny shake of the head. She slipped out with me into the old-fashioned scented garden. It was to be only a step, for auld lange syne. But young hearts direct the feet to other paths than those of prudence, and somehow the memory of our old walks together was with us—walks that had meant so much, though so little was said—and we strayed from the plain track to the gate, and we were on the side of the house that was most in gloom, and the warm, unpremeditated word came. Even so soon the half of my wild dreams was made true. The fact can be succinctly told—a short episode; life at its zenith; Christie won.

We had forgotten Sylvester Wade and Levi Colborne, and, I greatly feared, Gerald Humber also. But suddenly Christie said:

"Hugh, Cyril! What does this mean?"

We were standing in the thick shadows of a laurel bush, not above a stone's throw from the library window. A feminine figure was slipping stealthily along the narrow line of the clipped lawn. We both recognized the tall, angular shape of Miss Resworth. She halted at the south corner and stooped low by the window. It was hard to understand her manœuvres unless it were a case of prying or eavesdropping. But the circumstance that the lights were lowered within pointed to an empty room and practically negatived the fancy.

My doubt of the woman's purpose did not last long. I touched Christie's shoulder to bid her still watch closely. Miss Kesworth's form showed up distinctly in the faint moonbeams. She was fixing a rope ladder. It took perhaps two minutes, and then she flitted back as noiselessly. But as she gained the great path I saw a white handkerchief wave.

"A signal!" I whispered in Christie's ear.

It was certain that some strange crisis was impending, and everything indicated crime. Was Miss Kesworth the robber?

"Where is Wade?" I asked, under my breath.

"Gone into the village to make inquiries. So papa said."

"He should be here."

I had hardly spoken when a sound, like the grating of a foot on gravel, caught my ears. Steps were approaching. We cowered further into the protecting obscurity and were silent again. A man went by between the parterres, and I had a full view. He turned for a second, and stood to listen, and I felt Christie shake from excess of excitement, and, like her, I thought our hiding place was discovered. But he went on; Sylvester Wade, and not Sylvester Wade. It was the same style of pilot jacket that I knew Wade oftenest affected, and the low gray hat, capable of taking many shades, and of suggesting many characters. He was of Wade's height and build, and, so far as I could surmise under difficulties, was like him in face and feature. But I was wholly persuaded that this man was not Sylvester Wade.

What, then, could be a-foot but villainy of the most reckless type? I grew queerly rigid and my hands clenched. The detective had once laughed in his cheery fashion, as with the confidence of a man who was sure to swing the odds of a troublesome case over to his side, and had said to me—

"Here's a photograph here"—tapping his breast pocket—"the odd thing is it shows a fellow who might pass for my double."

"Look!" said Christie, gently.

With catlike alacrity the pseudo-Wade was climbing up the rope ladder. We heard the click of a casement, and no more was to be seen.

"That is my dressing room. The jewels are there."

"Ah!" Dolt that I was not to understand before.

"Take a safe circuit and find your father, or, at any rate, the butler, and give the alarm," I said. "Above everything do not let Miss Kesworth know that anything is found out."

"And what will you do?"

"Fetch the police. And first spoil the fellow's descent."

I saw how this was possible. I had a stout jack knife. With as grim stealth as even Sylvester Wade could have practiced, I followed the clever scoundrel, who now, no doubt, was busy with the casket to which Miss Kesworth had directed him. A yard or so from the window I cut away one side of the ladder and hung by the other. Then my tool frayed through the other above my head until there was the chance of an ugly drop, and I did not venture to continue. I slipped to earth again; a sharp double-handed tug, and the remaining strands, weakened by my weight broke; and the thing was done. And luckily the rogue above did not seem to have heard. He suspected no danger at the moment, or from that quarter.

Fortunately Cadmore village was close, and I had soon routed out the local sergeant of police and his man. Two officers sufficed for the parish. They stared at my tale, but fell in with my directions, and the three of us make a quick march to the Manor.

But, as I might perhaps have expected from a schemer of such dashing audacity and brilliant resource, our checkmate appeared to be only a partial success. Miss Kesworth had been on close guard, and Christie was foiled indoors. Her father had been got out of the way by a feint, and the butler was too confused to deal properly with the problem. The man's clumsy consternation betrayed to Mrs. Humber's "companion" that an awkward screw was loose. She alarmed the thief, and he walked coolly down stairs with a parcel under his arm and out of the front door, molested by nobody. When my party came on the scene the house was in confusion. The jewels were gone. Miss Kesworth had almost escaped too; but before I knew how things stood in the house I had suggested to Sergeant Pinter that the constable should watch under the remant of the rope ladder. Coles had a sharp ear. He detected sounds of surreptitious retreat from the folding doors of the drawing room. Dashing across the lawn he intercepted and held fast the fugitive. And Miss Kesworth alternately menaced and cajoled him in vain.

"Noa, noa," said honest Coles, who was one of the sturdy and stolid men of the shire, "I've got ee and I keeps ee, leastways till Sergeant says ee mun go." And he heeded not the lady's flights of eloquence.

Nevertheless, it was a defeat. The capture of the cracksman's accomplice would not restore the missing jewels. The plans had been too well contrived,

DASHING ACROSS THE LAWN HE SEIZED AND HELD THE FUGITIVE.

and Christie was the sufferer. But my dear girl did not weep and wail as a fine dame might have done. She thrilled me with a touch and a whisper:

"My dower has disappeared; perhaps papa will not be so hard to persuade now," she said.

She was thinking of our love and plighted promise even in that hour.

Miss Kesworth would not open her lips after it became patent that fictitious indignation was wasted work. But it was obvious that she was greatly cast down.

When Gerald Humber came in and heard the story there was a second scene. He raved at the stupid complaisance with which he had received rogues and impostors on the strength of their own representations. I saw a sneer on Miss Kesworth's thin face. She still sat silent.

But the real denouement was yet to come. When Sergeant Pinter was for making a move and lodging his prisoner in the station house preparatory to raising the hue and cry for the male swindler the door of the library opened. Sylvester Wade stood on the threshold. I think there was general stupefaction in the room.

"What's this?" he said; and I recognized the voice I had listened to at Willesdon. "Oh, I see; there were two of them. You've taken one and I've caught the other. A queer business altogether. It looked fishy for me at one time. It isn't very hopeful now, I should say, for Mr. Levi Colborne; and he is his own victim."

I never saw a whiter face, a wilder look of alarm, than the wretched woman in our midst presented. Pinter thought she was about to swoon, and called for water. But she waved it from her imperiously.

"Levi Colborne!" I echoed; "was it Levi Colborne!" And again, I recalled the fact that Gimble, the name taken by the sham Sylvester Wade, was an old alias of the man we had sought so many months in vain.

"Yes; and it was an uncommon sharp run between his wit and mine," said the detective. "I told you that it was in an odd form the news came which took me to Liverpool, Mr. Curtis."

"You did."

"I suspected it then, and inquired farther. I had arranged for another wire to meet me by one of my people at Rugby. This purported to disclose the sender as—yourself. Fortunately, I had met you, and knew at once it was false, and therefore, a trick. I wondered if it had anything to do with affairs here. I changed my route, came back, and on to Henthury as rapidly as I could. The first man I saw at Henthury station was the fellow I was scouring England for; and made up to match me, too. He wanted to take the train for London. Didn't he gasp when I gripped him! There were two of us, for I brought my man on in case I wanted help. So it was a good and safe take, and Colborne's under safe guard in the lock-up at Henthury at this moment. My chum's with him, and he won't easily break prison."

There is not much more to tell. The scheme had been founded on current knowledge amongst Gerald Humber's acquaintances of the great value of Christie's jewels, and of the date when she was to receive them. This had reached the ears of Colborne, a thoroughly unscrupulous adventurer. An advertisement shortly before for a lady's companion opened the way, and Colborne's wife established herself at Cadmore Manor by the aid of forged testimonials as Miss Kesworth. The master-mind of the conspiracy know he was wanted by Wade for a very different set of offences, and knew that he resembled the detective. He conceived the idea of playing an exceedingly bold game by bluffing Wade, sending him on a wild-goose chase, and helping himself in the interim to his identity. By these means, and his wife's theft of the ring, he was officially invited to the house he intended to rifle. The plan broke down, as I said at the outset, by reason of the casual introduction of myself amongst the set of actors. The penalty of failure was a long term of imprisonment for both the Colbornes.

Christie's jewels were recovered from the person of the thief, and a considerable part of my own property was also, in the sequel, reclaimed. But the happy thing for me was that, when I bought my City partnership, Gerald's Humber's congratulations took the shape of a free consent that Christie should be my wife. I take it that to any young man such a promise means power at the springs of enterprise.—Saturday Night.

She Certainly Would.

Kirby Stone—I hate to mention it, dear, but I must tell you that business has been awfully poor lately. If you could economize a little in dresses—wear something plainer.

Mrs. Stone—Certainly, dear; I shall order some plainer dresses to morrow.—Tid Bits.

Benedicts Need Not Read This.

Neighbor—I hear your father intends to put up a new house. Who is his builder?

Boy—What's that?

"Why, the—er—one that bosses the job."

"Oh! Why, ma, of course."—Good News.

To Act His Part Naturally.

Judge—How did you come to get drunk and raise such a disturbance?

Prisoner—Devotion to my profession, your Honor. I am cast for the star part in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and I want to learn to act my part naturally.—Texas Siftings.

Kyphosis Bicyclistarum.

"John," she said, "you must provide yourself with a bicycle costume, unless you give up riding."

"Why?"

"Because your best trousers are getting kyphosis bicyclistarum at the knees."—Washington Star.

Our Children Will Live to See It.

"That smacks of equal justice, and I hope to live to see the day," said the president.

"Our children will live to see it, if we don't," prophetically remarked the economist, as he bade the club good evening.—Exchange.

Very Natural.

Physician—What seems to be the matter with Mr. Scribble?

Editor's Wife—I don't know. He's all doubled up with pain.

Physician—Ah, I see. It is doubtless a case of writer's cramp.—Rochester Post-Express.

Well Supplied, Indeed.

The body of a man with a pencil behind his ear, a pair of shears in his right hand and his pockets filled with gold has been excavated at Pompeii. He is supposed to have been a tailor who advertised well.—Tid Bits.

Sarcastic.

McSwatters—That was a pretty bad cut they gave you in the paper the other day.

McSwitters—What's that?

McSwatters—Why, they printed your picture.—Syracuse Journal.

Encouraging.

Fastidious Customer—The last time I was here I found a hair in the soup.

Waiter—Dat's so, sah; but you didn't find none dis time. I done tuck 'em all out before I brung yer der soup.—Texas Siftings.

Trashed on Principle.

Fond Parent—I cannot interfere, Bobby; your teacher writes me that she trashed you on principle.

Bobby—Well, she didn't. Don't you think I know where she licked me?—Life.

Mother-in-Law Not a Friend.

Yeast—Who is that lady talking to your wife? Is she a friend of the family?

Crimsonbeak—No, indeed; it's my wife's mother.—Yonkers Statesman.

She Would be More Than a Sister.

He—Would you like to go to the "Wedding Ring," the new opera?

She (shyly)—No. I would rather have you bring it to me.—Syracuse Journal.

REJOICE, O, ye poor, that an occasional day in the year hath significance sufficient to temper the thoughts of the rich to your nakedness.

Rejoice, O, ye rich, that the spirit of charity is still alive in your hearts that ye may enjoy the pleasures of giving.

Thanksgiving day is indeed a peacemaker. In a few short hours it sweeps away the barriers that months of pride, selfishness and cruelty on the one hand, and improvidence, dissipation, neglect and want on the other, have been building between classes. It is one in the long list of holidays that expands with age because it is one of the few founded on religion. Secular holidays come and go with the sentiments from which they sprung. But Sabbath and Christmas and Easter and Thanksgiving are not of this number. The history of the religion of a people is the history that lives. Josephus' scholarly chronicles of the Jews are read not at all, while the Bible is in every library and upon almost every center-table in the land. Homer is read alike by old and young because the machinery of Heaven is there. "Plutarch's Lives" hold as much fascination for the readers of to-day as for the ancient English scholars, because the gods are in every battle, control every triumph and bless every festival. The human mind revels in the ideas awakened by the contemplation of the spiritual. The meager chronicles of the American Indians would be "stale, flat and unprofitable" but for the introduction of their religious fancies and beliefs. The Indian never takes so grand a place in the mind's eye as when we see him in a religious frenzy as Pope has painted him:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."

Thanksgiving day has grown far beyond what it was originally intended to signify or represent because of this very religious quality. From giving thanks to God for gifts to themselves, men came to desire to be more like that merciful Being, and so in turn became benefactors. From recounting their individual blessings and offering prayer and praise for their bestowal, it was but a step to the turning point of charity in themselves. And so we may cry to all upon this day—Rejoice! for the lion and the lamb have lain down together and the peace of the Saviour's spirit is over all. The cry of want is heard by ears that before were deaf to the voice of pleading, and eyes that saw not misery except it were afar off are now dimmed with tears of pity for those about their feet. Thanksgiving! The word has come to have a glorious meaning. It is the softening influences of such seasons, albeit all too brief, that keep intact the under current, the real harmony of the world, even though its surface be always troubled by discord.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

SUM OF ALL HOLIDAYS.

That Is Why Thanksgiving Should Be the Happiest of All.

We could not ask a more suggestive title or one which makes sweeter music in an American's ear. This occasion, says the New York Ledger, is different from all other national holidays, since it gathers them all up into one, and with them unites every mercy of the dying year, the bounties of its harvests, the manifold gifts of white-winged commerce, the preservation of peace and prosperity, and recognizes each and every one in a gratitude o'erflowing with festivity and mirth.

Thanksgiving! A word with which to conjure happiness into the most dismal and dejected spirit. The personal associations of this festival are, perhaps, its greatest sources of attraction. The father and the mother, expecting John from the city and Mary from the school, will recall the dear old days when they, too, came home to roast apples before the blazing logs, and watch the ruddy glow glinting across the polished mahogany, while

"Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking the old times over, the parents sat apart."

And what times they were, famous for corn huskings unknown to this degenerate age, for moonlight straw rides across the glistening snow and hoary ghost legends of Hessian troopers. Hence, Thanksgiving comes with redolent memories of past joys, blended into the best and purest moments of American life, its homes and its hearts.

Let fair summer's robes pale and die, and the frosted leaves rustle beneath the tread. What cares Thanksgiving day for winter's stern heralds? In fact, we welcome a good November day that the cold without may form a contrast for the warmth within.

It would disturb the eternal fitness of things to eat the time-honored bird and the national pie in the long, bright days of leafy June.

No! The wise gobbler may contemplate a perch upon the crescent of the moon if he thinks fit, but he must needs die, and, flanked by cranberry sauce and the constant pumpkin pie, present himself to our view on the last Thursday in November, and not a day earlier, please.

Then, as we cluster around the fire and bid defiance to the elements, let us remember to make Thanksgiving a home-day, where all the dear ones will gather, and eyes look love to eyes which speak again.

It must also be a happy day to everybody, from grandmother in the corner to the cat slumbering at her feet. A day for devout worship, joyous festivity, kindly deeds, old feuds healed up, new friendships made; in short, a glorious, old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

THAT SPECKLED HEN.

A Thrilling Account of Mrs. Panecksley's Thanksgiving Dinner.

Time, Thanksgiving day, eighteen hundred and what's-the-difference.

Place, the sitting-room of a snug little dwelling in an interior village far enough from the madding crowd to be free from gas bills, anarchists and aldermen.

Fiercely raged the storm outside. The wild November blasts howled and shrieked through the tree-tops, the overhanging boughs rasped the side of the house as if filing notice of an intention to take a lien on the premises, and on the rug before the ample fireplace the yellow dog that saved the household the bother and expense of a garbage barrel moaned and grumbled in his sleep as if something he had eaten lay heavily on his conscience.

In an ample rocking chair of the Andrew Jackson period sat bolt upright an elderly, hard-featured, silent woman with iron-rimmed spectacles and red hair. With her hands clasped over one knee and her lips drawn tightly to-

"ARE YOU MRS. PANCKSLEY?"

gether she gazed motionless into the fire, whose fitful glow strove faintly to lighten the gloom of the dreary day now drawing rapidly to its close. Who can fathom the mystery of a tall, angular woman with red hair? Who can interpret the stony silence that veils her past? Who shall say what tempests of passion have swept over her when not a soul was at hand to incur the weird horror of their reflex action?

And the storm raged on.

Amid the uproar of the elements she became suddenly conscious of a loud, imperious knocking at the door. She went and opened it and a large, rawboned, shaggy-haired man with red whiskers stepped inside.

Shaking the rain from his garments, he inquired:

"Does Mrs. Panecksley live here?"

"She does."

"Are you Mrs. Panecksley?"

"I am."

"How changed! Do you remember," he went on, with a tremor in his voice, "that on a stormy Thanksgiving day twelve years ago you sent a little boy out to kill a speckled hen for dinner?"

"Yes! Hiram, my boy, is it—"

"Wait a minute. Did you tell him that if he didn't find that hen and chop her head off in five minutes you would skin him alive?"

"Perhaps I did. But—"

"He didn't come back, did he?"

"O no! No!"

"Well, he's come back now. * * * That will do, mother. Give me a chance to breathe. Are you glad to see me?"

"O, Hiram! Hiram! To think that my long lost son, that I'd given up all idea of ever seeing again in this world, has come back to me! It's too good to be true!"

"It's true, mother," he said. "I have a vaccination mark on my arm and a scar on my head made by a broomstick fifteen years ago to show for it. I'm the same boy. I have been almost over the whole world, and, I am sorry to say, mother," he added, with a sigh, "that I've come back without the hen."

The tall, angular, red-haired woman resumed her seat in the Andrew Jackson rocking-chair, rubbed her nose thoughtfully, and gazed into the fire.

"Never mind, Hiram," she said, slowly. "The speckled hen is still alive. You will find her in the chicken-house. Go and cut her head off, my son, and I'll cook her for your Thanksgiving dinner." CHARLES W. TAYLOR.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

Hungry Hyslop—Can't you help me a bit, boss? I hain't had nothin' to be thankful for to-day.

Mr. Delmonico Savarin (who has dined too well)—Be thankful that you haven't an indigestion!—Puck.

If Any Are Alive.

"I heard little Johnny say that Thanksgiving day would be here soon," said a young turkey to its mamma. "Do turkeys have Thanksgiving days, ma?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the mamma-turkey. "We will hold ours after the folks at the house have had theirs—if we live."—Judge.

Where He Worships.

Bloobumper—I suppose you will repair to your place of worship on Thanksgiving day, as the president recommends in his proclamation.

Spatts—Yes, I expect to eat my dinner on that day at my best girl's house.

What He Never Saw.

Inquiring Boy—And have you seen avalanches in the Alps?

Great Traveler—Yes, my son.

"And elephants in Asia?"

"Yes."

"And tigers in Africa?"

"Plenty of them."

"Ever seen a polar bear?"

"Several."

"Ever seen any wild monkeys?"

"Thousands."

"Did you ever see a—a polar bear chasin' a elephant with a tiger on his back and a lot of monkeys laughin' to see a avalanche comin' after 'em?"—Good News.

The Real and Ideal.

The man represented himself as a French music teacher, but he looked more like a tramp.

"I don't know about his musical ability," said the lady of the house when he had gone, "but I don't believe he is a real Frenchman."

"He must be mamma," dissented the daughter, "for anybody could see he was not an ideal Frenchman."—Detroit Free Press.

In Chicago, of Course.

Guest—Call the patrol wagon and have that waiter taken charge of.

Proprietor—Why?

"He is crazy—stark, staring crazy."

"Oh, I guess not. What makes you think so."

"He refused to take a tip."

"You're right. I'll ring for the patrol myself."—Texas Siftings.

As to His Record.

"I have not seen you at church for a long time, Brother Negson," remonstrated the pastor, mildly. "I fear you are not making a good record as a Christian these days."

"No," said Brother Negson, apologetically. "I don't seem to be in—h'm—in my usual form this season, elder."—Chicago Tribune.

An Expert.

Reporter—The stringency in the money market is due solely to—

Banker—Don't talk nonsense! What do you know about the financial question?

Reporter—Maybe not much; but when it comes to scarcity of money I know a great deal more about it than you do.—Hallo.

Following Out the Prescription.

Mr. Bingo—Didn't the doctor tell you it would be death for you to take another drink of whisky?

Bingo—I believe he did.

Mrs. Bingo—Then what are you doing in that cupboard?

Bingo—I am dying an instantaneous death.—Judge.

Another Case of Switch.

"Aren't you ready yet?"

"I couldn't find my hair!"

"We'll miss the train. Switches always seem to delay traffic!"—Music and Drama.

To Be Congratulated.

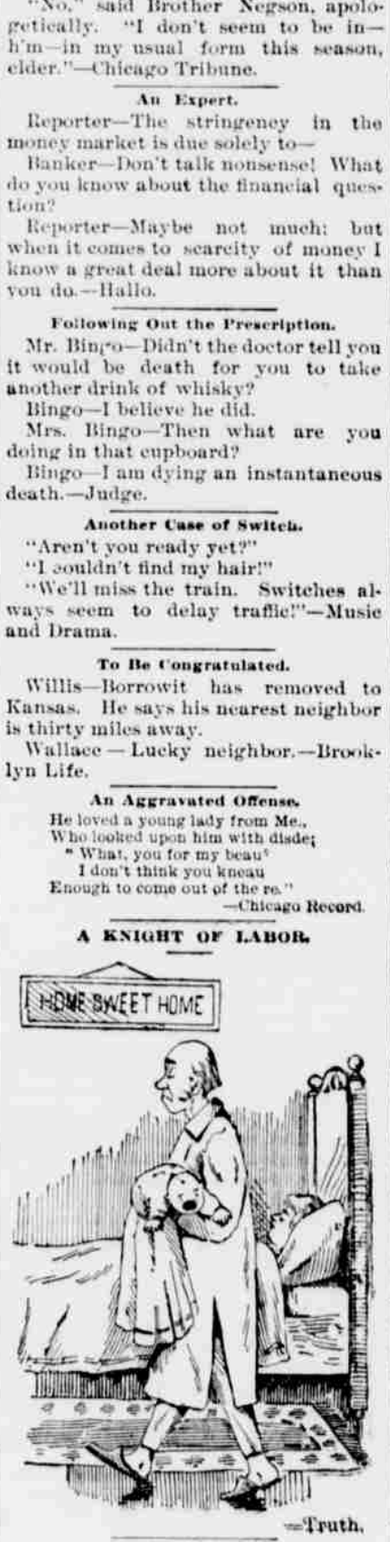
Willis—Borrowit has removed to Kansas. He says his nearest neighbor is thirty miles away.

Wallace—Lucky neighbor.—Brooklyn Life.

An Aggravated Offense.

He loved a young lady from Me.,
Who looked upon him with disde;
"What, you for my beau?
I don't think you kneau
Enough to come out of the re."
—Chicago Record.

A KNIGHT OF LABOR.



—Truth.

In the Moonlight.

Little rays of moonlight
Streaming down above her,
Make a girl so pretty
You cannot help but love her.
—Detroit Free Press.

Could Count on the Choir.

A peppery parson down east, who was disturbed by his choir during prayer time, got even with them when he gave out the closing hymn by adding: "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing this grand old hymn, and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

So Kind of Him.

"Who is your physician, Mrs. Nervus?"

"Dr. Killum."

"Do you like him?"

"Oh, so much. He always lets me have the diseases that I prefer."—Chicago Record.

And He Overheard It.

Portia—Here's Dick Roller with his million-dollar fiancee.

Helen—He looks like a martyr, doesn't he?

Portia—Yes; bound to the stake.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

A Needed Warning.

Brace—I wish my creditors could have that sign before them on the 1st of every month.

Bagley—What sign?

Brace—Post no bills.—Puck.

Sure It Wasn't His.

"Lend me that umbrella, please."

"Do you think I'd lend you my umbrella?"

"I didn't ask you to lend me yours."—Brooklyn Life.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	NORTH. A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Northumberland	6 20	1 50		
Cameron	6 35	...	.....	5
Chulasky	6 40	....	.....	5 53
Danville	6 48	2 12	10 26	5 58
Catawissa	7 05	2 26	10 39	6 05
Rupert	7 12	2 31	10 44	6 23
Bloomsburg	7 20	2 36	10 49	6 29
Espy	7 27	2 43	....	6 35
Lime Ridge	7 34	2 50	.....	6 42
Willow Grove	7 38	2 54	.....	6 46
Briarcreek	7 41	....	....	6 50
Berwick	7 48	3 04	11 12	6 56
Beach Haven	7 54	3 10	11 18	7 02
Hick's Ferry	8 00	3 17	...	7 09
Shickshinny	8 10	3 29	11 33	7 22
Hunlock's	8 21	3 39	....	7 32
Nanticoke	8 26	3 46	11 49	7 39
Avondale	8 30	3 51	....	7 43
Plymouth	8 33	3 56	11 56	7 48
Plymouth Junction	8 40	4 00	.....	7 52
Kingston	8 45	4 05	12 03	7 57
Bennett	8 49	4 08	12 06	8 02
Maltby	8 52	4 12	.....	8 07
Wyoming	8 56	4 17	12 13	8 12
West Pittston	9 01	4 22	.....	8 17
Pittston	9 08	4 30	12 22	8 25
Duryea	9 14	4 34	.....	8 29
Lackawanna	9 16	4 37	.....	8 32
Taylorville	9 25	4 45	12 35	8 42
Bellevue	9 31	4 50	....	8 47
SCRANTON	9 35	4 55	12 45	8 52
	A. M.	P. M	P. M.	M

STATIONS.	SOUTH. A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
SCRANTON	6 00	9 50	1 35	6 07
Bellevue	6 05	9 55	....	
Taylorville	6 10	10 00	1 45	6 17
Lackawanna	6 18	10 07	1 52	6 24
Duryea	6 22	10 10	1 55	6 28
Pittston	6 18	10 14	2 00	6 31
West Pittston	6 35	10 20	2 06	6 38
Wyoming	6 40	10 25	2 11	6 43
Maltby	6 44	10 28	....	....
Bennett	6 48	10 32	2 19	6 50
Kingston	6 54	10 35	2 25	6 55
Plymouth Junction	6 59	10 39	2 29	....
Plymouth	7 04	10 44	2 34	7 00
Avondale	7 09	10 48	2 53	7 07
Nanticoke	7 14	10 52	2 42	7 12
Hunlock's	7 20	10 59	2 50	7 20
Shickshinny	7 31	11 09	3 01	7 30
Hick's Ferry	7 44	11 21	3 17	7 41
Beach Haven	7 54	11 32	3 25	7 47
Berwick	8 02	11 40	3 33	7 53
Briar Creek	8 09	....	3 40	....
Willow Grove	8 13	11 50	3 44	8 02
Lime Ridge	8 17	11 56	3 51	8 06
Espy	8 24	12 04	3 58	8 12
Bloomsburg	8 31	12 12	4 05	8 18
Rupert	8 37	12 18	4 12	8 21
Catawissa	8 42	12 23	4 18	8 28
Danville	8 57	12 37	4 38	8 43
Chulasky	9 03	....	4 46	....
Cameron	9 07	12 46	4 51	8 53
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 22	1 00	5 05	9 07
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	PM

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamaqend, Tamaqua, W llamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren, Corry and Erie.

W. F. HALLSTEAD, Gen. Man.,
Scranton, Pa.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. R. DIV. AND N. C RY

In effect May 21 1893. Trains leave Sunbury

EASTWARD.

9:48 a. m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 3:00 p. m.; New York 5:50 p. m.; Baltimore, 3:10 p. m.; Washington 4:30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Passenger coaches to Philadelphia Baltimore. Parlor car to Philadelphia.

1:55 p. m. Train 8, (Daily except Sunday,) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6:50 p. m.; New York, 9:35 p. m.; Baltimore 6:45 p. m.; Washington 8:15 p. m. Parlor cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5:25 p. m. Train 12 [Daily except Sunday] for Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10:55 p. m. New York 3:50 a. m., Baltimore 10:40 p. m., Washington 4:10 a. m., Passenger coach to Philadelphia.

8:22 p. m.—Train 6, (Daily,) for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 a. m.; New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

1:50 a. m.—4 (Daily,) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a m., New York 9:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. m. Washington 7:30 a. m., Pullman Sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

4:36 a. m.—Train 16 (Daily,) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Baltimore 8:55 a. m. and Washington 10:16 a. m and Pullman sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washington, and Passenger coaches to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

2:04 a. m.—Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman sleeping cars to Buffalo and passenger coaches to Rochester.

5:13 a. m —Train 3 (Daily,) for Erie, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with Pullman palace cars to Erie and Elmira and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9:56—Train 15 (Daily,) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1:35 p. m.—Train 11 (Daily except Sunday) for Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Rochester.

5:31 p. m.—Train 1, (Daily except Sunday) for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9:25 p. m.-Train 13 daily for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., Baltimore 4:40 a. m., Harrisburg, 8:15 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:56 a. m.

Train 11—Leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 1:35 with Parlor car from Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1—Leaves New York 9:00 a. m, Philadelphia 11:50 a. m., Washington 10:15 a. m., Baltimore 11:10 a. m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 5:29 p. m. with passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 9.10 p. m., Philadelphia 4:35 p. m., Washington 6:15 p. m., Baltimore 4:12 p. m. arriving at Sunbury 9:25 p. m. Through Coach and Parlor car from Philadelphia.

Train 9 leaves New York 6:30 p. m., Philadelphia 9:20 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Baltimore 8:45 p. m., (Daily except Saturday,) arriving at Sunbury, 2:04 a. m. with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches from Washington and Baltimore.

Train 3 leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:40 p. m., (Daily,) arriving at Sunbury 5:08 a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

SUNBURY HAZLETON, & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD, AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday)

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12.10 p. m. Hazleton 12:15 p. m., Pottsville 1.25 p. m. Through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre.

Train 11 leaves Sunbury 5:35 p. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 6:26 p. m., Wilkes-Barre 7:50 p. m. Hazleton 7:56 p. m. Pottsville 9:05 p. m. Through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre.

Train 8 leaves Wilkes-Barre 7:25 a. m. Pottsville 6:00 a. m., Hazleton 7:10 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 8:47 a. m., Sunbury 9 35 a. m. Through Coach Wilkes-Barre to Williamsport.

Train 10 leaves Pottsville 1:50 p m. Hazleton 3:04 p. m. Wilkes-Barre 3:12 p. m arriving at Bloom Ferry 4:31 p. m., Sunbury 5:15 p. m. Through Coach Wilkes-Barre to Harrisburg.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10.00 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

Train 26 leaves Wilkes-Barre 4:40 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6:03 p. m., Sunbury 7:00 p, m.

S. M. PRETOST, Gen'l. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Post Office Building, 2nd floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wirt's Building, 2nd floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Columbian Building, 2nd floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

W. H. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office 2nd floor Columbian building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ROBERT R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Columbian Building, 2nd floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THOMAS B. HANLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Mrs. Ents' Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE. A. N. YOST.
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Columbian Building, 2nd Floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office back of Farmers' National Bank,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Moyer Bros. Building, 2nd floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Lockard's Building, 2nd floor, Corner Main and Centre.

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Clark's Building, cor. Main and Centre Sts.,
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, North Market Street,
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DR. J. R. EVANS,
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Office corner Third and Jefferson streets,
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Dentistry in all its branches, Work guaranteed as represented. Ether and Gas administered or ELECTRIC VIBRATOR and Local Anæsthetics used for the painless extraction of teeth free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.

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Office and Residence No. 18, West Fifth st.
DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND NOSE A SPECIALTY.
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DR. ANDREW CRAYDON
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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All styles of work done in a superior manner, and all work warranted as represented.
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To be open all hours during the day.

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	CASH CAPITAL.	TOTAL ASSETS.	SURPLUS OVER ALL.
Franklin of Phila.	$400,000	$3,198,529	$1,000,502
Penn'a, Phila.	400,000	3,825,160	1,419,555
Queen, of N. Y.	500,000	3,528,915	1,021,852
Westchester, N. Y.	300,000	1,753,307	436,790
N. America, Phila.	3,000,000	9,730,089	2,364,725

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Losses promptly adjusted and paid.

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AGENTS AND BROKERS,
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Home, of N. Y.; Merchants of Newark, N. J.; Clinton, N. Y.; Peoples', N. Y.; Reading, Pa; German American Ins. Co., New York; Greenwich Insurance Co., New York; Jersey City Fire Ins. Co., Jersey City, N. J.
These old corporations are well seasoned by age and fire tested, and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in solid securities, and liable to the hazard of fire only.
Losses promptly and honestly adjusted and paid as soon as determined, by Christian F. Knapp, Special Agent and Adjuster, Bloomsburg, Pa.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses, if any, are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.

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Teas, Syrups, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Rice, Spices, Bicarb Soda, Etc.,
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Estimates given on Application.
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—DEALER IN—
All Kinds of Meat,
Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tongues, Bologna, &c. Free Delivery to all parts of the town.
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THE WORLD'S FAIR
Photographed and described. Wide awake agent wanted for our new World's Fair book by Directors General Davis, Mrs. Potter Palmer and other officials. Over 500 pictures, nearly all photographs. 628 pages. Low price. Big commission. Freight paid. 30 days' credit. Selling fast. Men or ladies make $10 a day. Send for circular; or send 50 cents to-day for large outfit containing over 100 photographs.
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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

Entered at the Post Office at Bloomsburg, Pa., as second class matter. March 1, 1888.

THAT THANKSGIVING PRESENT.

In this week's issue of this paper there is printed a coupon which can be cut out and sent to W. Jennings Demorest, New York, with three cents enclosed for postage &c., and the panel picture will be sent by mail direct to those who send him the coupons. We do not wish to mislead any one, and therefore state that the picture will be sent only to those who forward the coupon as above.

Court begins next Monday.

All the legal advertisements will be found on the seventh page.

Work in the Espy boat yard has ceased for the winter.

Gilmore's holiday stock of toys will soon be ready for inspection.

G. W. Sterner has added some new goods to his stock of groceries.

For all Lamp Globes and Lamp Fixtures go to Mercer's Drug & Book Store.

Don't forget Geo. C. Staley in Antony the Trumpeter, at Opera House, Friday, Dec. 1st.

For Gentlemens' fancy embroidered Slippers for Holiday gifts call and examine. J. A. HESS.

The prospects are that there will be a large number of criminal cases tried in Court next week.

I have a large stock of Men's Kip Boots of odd sizes which I will sell at a bargain, J. A. HESS.

Jacob Brobst's new carriage shop is about completed. He is now having a stone walk laid in front of it.

I can give you Ladies' black overgaiters for 50 cts, Gentlemen the same price 50 cts. J. A. HESS.

There was a ball, and turkey and oyster supper at the Central Park Hotel, Central, on Wednesday night.

If you need Rubber Boots or felt Boots I can save you money.
J. A. HESS.

C. B. Chrisman is handling some fine oysters, both shell and tub, also fresh fish, celery, fruit, and other articles.

A choral society is talked of this winter, which will prepare a comic opera, and give a public entertainment.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the Presbyterian church, and at St. Paul's P. E. Church this morning.

Remember the dinner and supper by the ladies of Trinity Reformed church to day. Give them a liberal patronage.

Chas Krug began clearing away the debris from his recent fire, and will begin at once the erection of a new planing mill.

Read the new advertisement of Snyder & Magee Co., Limited, in this issue. They have something interesting to tell you.

A very large line of Ladies' and Gentlemens' medium and high price Shoes will always be found at a bargain. J. A. HESS.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. Its easier cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. —W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

For a nice Vase or Banquet Lamp at lowest prices, go to Mercer's Drug & Book Store.

D. C. DeWitt, Esq., of Towanda, is an applicant for appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twelfth district.

J. D. Armstrong's shelves are always stocked with fine groceries, including canned soups, French peas, and many other delicacies.

Guy Jacoby has purchased a lot of Michael Casey, on Pine street, and will commence at once the building of a dwelling house.

The great bargains now offered at Lowenberg's Clothing Store are attracting many customers, and keeping the salesmen busy.

The Thanksgiving sermon this year will be delivered in the Presbyterian Church by Rev. Mr. Womelsdorf, of the Evangelical Church.

A Sunday School Institute will be held in the Reformed and Lutheran Churches of this town, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 5.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many afflicted with rheumatism, and we urge all who suffer from this disease to give this medicine a trial.

McKinney's shoe store is one of the neatest to be found anywhere, and his stock is complete, ranging in quality from coarse goods to the finest made.

The infant daughter, aged three weeks, of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kleim died last week Wednesday. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon.

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, is steadily improving, and his entire recovery is now looked for. He lay for a long time at death's door.

The members of the M. E. Choir desire to express their thanks to all those who in any way assisted them in the rendition of the cantata, "Jephthah," last week.

The last Institute was one of the best in the history of the county. The instructors and the lecturers were the best, while the Institute itself was a success financially.

There has just been received at this office a beautiful line of samples of folding cards, dance lists, menus, wedding invitations, ball cards, and society cards of all kinds. tf.

The work of opening East Third street is progressing rapidly. The John Jones house has been moved back, and all the buildings are now off the line of the street.

A terrific wind storm, accompanied with rain, occurred Monday night. Many houses in town were shaken, and those living in them much alarmed. No damage was done.

W. W. Inglis, the chief clerk of the Hillside Coal and Iron Co., at Scranton, took the Night Course at Wood's College. Before he was twenty years of age he received $100 per month.

For pity's sake, don't growl and grumble because you are troubled with indigestion. No good was ever effected by snarling and fretting. Be a man (unless you happen to be a woman), and take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will relieve you, whether man or woman.

TO FARMERS'

We have a fine stock of our New Feed Cutters and Crushers and Corn Sheller on hand to sell at panic prices. Call and see them.
WHITE & CONNER,
11-24 3t.* Orangeville, Pa.

For a nice hanging Lamp, cheap, go to Mercer's Drug & Book Store.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Wanich of Scranton on the 14th inst. It is named Marion Dorothy.

Do not be in a hurry to get your Christmas present, as we will open the largest line of Holiday novelties ever shown in Bloomsburg, in about ten days at Mercer's Drug & Book Store.

Go where you will, to Boothby's or Green's in Philadelphia, or any of the swell restaurants in the cities, you will not find any finer oysters than Gilmore's. He had some very large ones during the past week.

Quite a large amount of snow is already on the hills toward the North Mountain. From Orangeville northeast the hills sloping toward the north, are covered with the beautiful, being the first evidence of winter.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" never fails to draw a big house in Bloomsburg. Last Friday night the Opera House was filled, many standing in the aisles. The street parade, with two bands, blood hounds and donkeys, did it.

Wesley & Smith of Benton, had a public sale of personal property last Friday. It is intimated that a dissolution will soon be made, and the sale was for the purpose of fixing values, or for either to buy what they wished.

The total receipts of the two nights of the Cantata of "Jephthah and His Daughter" were $309.00, and expenses, $95.00, leaving a balance of $214.00, which was equally divided between Mr. Kane and the M. E. Choir.

Many young men and young ladies are taking advantage of the opportunity afforded at Prof. Harkins' Commercial college in Evans' Block, to learn shorthand, book-keeping, typewriting, and to get a good commercial education.

Water was drawn off from the Market Square fountain on Saturday. A number of fish, thrown in by boys during the summer, had grown to be several inches long, and the small boys had lots of fun trying to get them from under the ice.

The mason work and brick laying of the Pease Tool Works and the Elevator Works, is progressing very rapidly. When these two plants are completed it will give employment to several hundred of workmen, most of whom will be skilled mechanics.

For a long time it was necessary to send out of town to buy fancy groceries. Now, most any taste, however fastidious, can be gratified at home. Before giving orders to traveling salesmen for such goods, call on the home dealers, and see if you cannot obtain what you want. This will save the cost of transportation, and keep the money in town.

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., post office and will be sent to the dead letter office Dec. 12, 1893.

Miss Ella Derr, Mr. George Hutchings, Mr. Frederick D. Moore, Miss Flora Moyer, T. D. Robbins, Mr. Wm. D. Wilson.

Persons calling for these letters will please say they were advertised Nov. 28, 1893. One cent will be charged on each letter advertised.
A. B. CATHCART, P. M.

ONE WEEK OF COMEDY.

Seldom do our theatregoers have an opportunity to see a really high class performance at such an exceedingly low price of admission as 10, 20 or 30 cents. Next week Miss Kitty Rhoades and her company present that opportunity. On Monday night they will produce an entirely new comedy, entitled, "An Old Man's Darling." They remain with us one week, changing the play at each performance. Every one who buys a ticket for any one of these nights, will not only see and enjoy a bright, merry comedy, well played, but will also secure a chance to possess an elegant gold watch. During the week they give away two fine Waltham movement, Boss solid gold filled case watches.

I Can Procure You Money

for the purchase of real estate, the erection of buildings or making of other improvements on lands or to pay off an incumberence at a very low rate of interest and you can have from 5 to 20 years time to repay loan in easy monthly installments. Loans are made on either farm or city property. Building loans are made and the amount of loan advanced as work progresses. Call on or address
J. F. HARKINS,
Evans Block, Bloomsburg, Pa.
8-25-tf.

Do you wish to enjoy good health, if so, use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which cleanse the bowels and purify the blood. 2t.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

- FOR -
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION
AND
STOMACH TROUBLES
TAKE
MEREDITH'S DIAMOND CLUB PURE RYE
Without equal as a stimulant and tonic. Chemically Pure and Indorsed by Physicians. Sold by all Druggists.
MEREDITH'S PURE MALT
FOR ALL PULMONARY AND BRONCHIAL COMPLAINTS.
G. W. MEREDITH & CO., Sole Proprietors, PITTSBURGH, PA., and EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
Sept. 8, 1 yr.

Bloomsburg is one of the best lighted towns in the state, and Tunkhannock is one of the darkest. Our attention was called to this latter fact on Wednesday, when we were called out of bed at three o'clock in the morning to catch a belated train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

The Lehigh Valley Company experience some difficulty in securing engineers for the run between Coxton and Mauch Chunk. They report having encountered obstructions on the track and large stones being thrown through the cab windows. The engineers are asking for guards to accompany them.

Rev. Dr. Robert McKay, for eight months pastor of the Eighteenth street Methodist Church, Philadelphia, has sent to Presiding Elder T. B. Neely his resignation as a minister in the Methodist Church. Rev. Dr. McKay's withdrawal from the church is due to his change of belief, which has induced him to accept the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Dr. McKay announced his change of faith and the resignation of his pastorate to the congregation after services on Sunday evening. The congregation, although taken by surprise, adopted a series of resolutions expressive of their personal regard for Dr. McKay.

A writer on scientific subjects contends that our climatic changes become more pronounced each year. A decade ago November brought ice and snow, but of recent years we do not expect a general freeze-up until Christmas or later. In olden times October here in the North was chilly, and oftentimes bleak and cold, but the October just past rivals any month of the year for delightful temperature and beautiful skies. These gradual but permanent climatic changes impress upon us more forcibly the scientific dogma that the earth, besides its rotary motion and its movements around the sun, has a motion, rotary in character, from the North to the South, which in time will impose upon us the severities of the North pole, a distinction some scientists say we, or rather this locality, enjoyed many thousand years ago.

THE HOLIDAY ASSEMBLY.

The annual holiday ball at the Exchange Hotel, that was inaugurated by the Winona Fire Company twelve years ago, will be given this year by the Christmas Club on December 29th.

Piano Tuning.

Julius Lindegren, the piano tuner, will be in Bloomsburg in the early part of December. Orders may be left at Peacock & Co's. hardware store.

Early Risers. Early Risers. Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, sick headache, dyspepsia and nervousness.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

THANKS.

Those of our subscribers who have so cheerfully and promptly responded to our request for payment of amounts due, will please accept our thanks.

Burns are absolutely painless when DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is promptly applied. This statement is true. A perfect remedy for skin diseases, chapped hands and lips, and never fails to cure piles.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Oysters, by the quart and by the hundred. Oysters raw, stewed and fried, at C. B. Chrisman's. tf.

License blanks for hotel, restaurant, wholesale, bottlers, and distillers for sale at THE COLUMBIAN office. tf.

JOHN R. TOWNSEND,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
CORNER OF MARKET AND MAIN STREET,
BLOOMSBURG.

Some few ITEMS from our late Buy at less than Regular Prices.

$6.50
For an Extra long Blue Ulster made to sell at 10 dollars.

$8.50
For long Double Breasted dark gray Ulster, made to sell at $12.

$7.98
For a first class extra heavy all wool Overcoat, extremely well made and guaranteed to give the best of service.

$8.98
For a beautiful extra long Storm Coat or a very nice fitting Melton Overcoat, Velvet Collar, Double Seams, well made and nicely lined, in fact made to retail for much more money.

$10.00
For your Choice of a handsome lot of Blue-Black and light colored Overcoats, that sold earlier in the season at from 12 to 15 dollars.

Giddings & Salsburg
ONE PRICE
CLOTHIERS HATTERS & FURNISHERS
BLOOMSBURG PA.

A Chance on the
GOAT OUTFIT
with every Knee Pants Suit.

I. W. HARTMAN & SON.
AND STILL THEY COME.
TWO MORE LARGE FACTORIES BEING BUILT AT BLOOMSBURG.

We are *building* up a good trade for *Cash Dry Goods.* Whilst we lead in prices on many articles, such as Dark Calico 5 cts, Good Gingham 6 cts, Table Oil Cloth 16 cts, 2¼ yd. wide Sheeting 19 cts, Good Dress Goods 9 cts to 25 cts. We keep a fine line of Dress Goods at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 dollars per Pattern, with Silks Velvets, Braids, Cords, Gimps, &c., for Trimmings. Also fine line of Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Chenille Table Covers, and Curtains $1.75 to $10.00, with stamped Linens, Velvets, Cushions, Covers, Tidies, &c. Lace and Buttons, Kid Gloves 75 cts., others $1.00 and up. *OUR COAT DEPARTMENT* attracts buyers. New coats arriving almost daily. Many farmers are coming to us with their butter money for Dry Goods. *We Welcome All.*
I. W. HARTMAN & SON.

Don't Get Yourself in a Box
BY BUYING SHOES OF AN UNCERTAIN QUALITY.

It's a risk you can't afford to run—can't afford any way when we can supply you with an article that is beyond question. We handle the best makes of Shoes for Children. BOYS need no longer wear girls' shoes as we have a line made especially for the small Boys. Ladies who wear Spring Heeled Shoes will find a good assortment at the store of W. C. McKINNEY.

W. C. McKINNEY
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS
BLOOMSBURG PA.

H. J. Clark's Building, Main street.

NEXT WEEK
We will have something to say about CHRISTMAS. It is coming and we are prepared.

THIS WEEK WE OFFER
A Sheep's Wool Bleached bath sponge, large, for 25 cents, an unbleached at 20 cents. Best Value possible, but supply is limited. "A word to the wise is sufficient."
RISHTON'S DRUG STORE,
Opposite Post Office.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

WOMEN IN THE TREASURY.

Their Efficient Work as Clerks, Accountants, and Counterfeit Detectors.

A little over thirty years ago not one woman was employed in the United States treasury. To-day there are six thousand women on the roll. Then Gen. Spinner was treasurer. He had been a banker, and as such had discovered that his daughter could trim bank notes better than the clerks could. He accordingly suggested to Gov. Chase, then secretary of the treasury, that a woman be allowed to try her hand at the government's shears.

He selected Miss Jennie Douglass, who was both brawny and bright, and gave her a pair of shears that would cut the length of a sheet with a blow. One day's work settled it, and the male clerks employed in clipping bank notes gave place to women. With this success to encourage him Gen. Spinner, in October, 1862, secured the nomination of seven women as money counters. Two of these are still employed in the treasury. The women detectors of burnt and counterfeit money are claimed to be the most expert in the world. This is the most unquestioned reputation of Mrs. W. A. Leonard and Mrs. E. G. Brown.

According to phrenologists, form, color, and distance are strongly developed in Mrs. Leonard. The record shows that this unrivaled counterfeit detector has handled in three years $2,000,000,000. In one day no less than $12,000,000 passed through her hands. From $200,000 to $400,000 is the daily average. Although Mrs. Leonard has been married a second time during her treasury service, she was not allowed to resign, because she was considered "invaluable."

In 1875 Mrs. Brown began counting fractional currency, but when the identification of burnt money became a separate department she was made its chief. After money has been identified by a detector and paid by the government the detector must bear any loss which has been sustained through her mistake. Mrs. Brown's infallibility may be judged from the fact that, during her whole thirty years of service, she has had to refund only 25 cents. Her work is the most interesting in the redemption division. All mutilated bank notes are sent to the treasury accompanied by a voucher, drawn up by a notary, certifying how the money was injured. Notes burned to a crisp, notes that have been partly digested by animals, money that has been gnawed into bits by mice, rotted by damp, or turned into pulp by water, all pass through Mrs. Brown's hands. If there is anything left to identify she is sure to succeed.

By means of a piece of glass the size of a bank note, marked into twenty-four squares, the face of the bill is determined. If sixteen of these squares can be covered by the mutilated bill, the whole value is paid; if less than sixteen and more than twelve, half the value; if less than twelve, it is rejected entirely. Twenty-two dollars found in the nest of a mouse were recently sent to the treasury in a condition that defied recognition by the naked eye. Mrs. Brown went to work with a microscope, and patiently sorted out the whole amount. One hundred and eighty dollars, which went through the Vanderbilt fire at Newport, came to Mrs. Brown as a charred mass of paper, which she, however, identified.

When an express car is burned, the safe is sent unopened to the treasury department. There it is opened by women experts, who empty the contents, often only a mass of ashes, and sift them through a sieve. The charred bits of money are then picked out and submitted to a microscopic examination. Not long ago twenty-two tiny diamonds were recovered by sifting the ashes a third time before burning them. The vaults are often filled with the stench of money recovered from dead bodies in pestilent districts, as during the prevalence of yellow fever in the south. Such money is fumigated, and no diseases have ever been communicated to employes.

Gold and silver are also counted by women, and women manipulate the machine which has taken the place of shears for trimming notes. The machine which stamps the bank notes is also in charge of women.

In the treasurer's office is the last of the original seven women employes—Miss Elizabeth Stoner. She keeps the payrolls of the navy. Her work necessitates the reducing of every variety of foreign money to our values. For thirty years Miss Stoner has occupied almost the same desk room, and many a time has she heard "heelers" ousted with small ceremony when they came to urge the treasurer to discharge her to make room for a voter.—N. Y. Sun.

THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN.

An Old Custom That Will Some Day Give Way to a Better One.

How long can it reasonably be expected that the old custom will last in deference to which wives are content to be known by the surnames of their husbands? All the recent tests tend to show the superiority of the female mind to that of the male. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in a recent address supported the cause of coeducation with the argument that "nothing in the world will take the foolishness and romantic notions out of a girl so quick as to work with young men and find out how little they know." Of course marriage has the same effect; but after a girl is married it is too late for her to save her maiden name. If she arrives before marriage to the sophisticated stage that Mrs. Palmer describes, she may very reasonably demur to giving up a name which she feels competent to distinguish for one which will be handicapped by her husband's relative inferiority. All along the line this summer women have triumphed. In the recent assignment of general fellowships by the Chicago university young women got so disproportionate a share of the spoils as to scandalize the authorities. When the London Geographical society declined in the spring to admit women to its membership, the society's action was received not at all as evidence of the inferiority of women, but purely as a new proof of the limitations of men. Ten women passed the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos this year, and two of them came out wranglers. Three women took honors at Oxford, at which university also honor examinations were this year opened to women in three new courses. At London university, Miss Ogilvie, a prodigy of erudition, from Aberdeen, passed with the highest credit the examination for the degree of Doctor of Science. At this rate, how long will women be content with the substance, and abstain from grasping the shadow also? How long will Miss Jones consent to become Mrs. Smith? How soon will she demand a competitive examination between Smith and herself to determine before marriage which is the compelling entity, and whether it is more meet that she shall become a Smith, or that Smith and the children shall become Joneses?—Harper's Weekly.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

Made Susan B. Anthony Kin With All Her Audience.

It was at one of the great congresses which have formed the nucleus in Chicago for the notables from every country and clime interested in the advancement of culture and the dissemination of progressive ideas. The crowd had quite overflowed one room and filled another in the Art Palace, under promise that the celebrated speakers would repeat their programme to the overflow meeting. The night was insufferably hot, the people disappointed and impatient. To make the wait less tedious Susan B. Anthony was called upon to address them, and she did so in the whimsical and sarcastic vein with which she veils an earnestness of thought and purpose, to which she has devoted a lifetime of effort and sacrifice. Still, this crowd was not a suffrage gathering. They were not in sympathy with the strong-faced woman in the plain gown who addressed them. She knew intuitively that she was not holding them. Suddenly she stepped forward to the edge of the platform and said confidentially with a little smile: "I didn't know I was going to be called upon to address you this evening. If I had I should have put on my other gown." In an instant she had won them, every one. The one touch of nature, of vanity in this strong little woman with the iron-gray hair combed down each side her face, made every woman her sister, every man her friend. If a vote could have been taken on the spot everyone in the audience would have cast a ballot for Susan B. Anthony and her platform.

Interesting Statistics.

The reports of the last census, as nearly as can be ascertained, show that outside of domestic service America had in 1890 2,700,000 bread-winning women and girls working outside of their own homes. There were 110 lawyers, 165 ministers, 320 authors, 588 journalists, 2,061 artists, 2,136 architects, chemists, pharmacists, 2,106 stock raisers and ranchers, 5,135 government clerks, 2,488 physicians and surgeons, 13,182 professional musicians, 56,800 farmers and planters, 21,071 clerks and bookkeepers, 14,465 heads of commercial houses, 155,000 public school teachers (based on the census of 1880). Here is an army of women depending upon themselves for support and probably taking care of others. Any talk of relegating these women to a life of dependence is mere foolishness. The question to consider is how best to adapt this new factor to existing conditions, or how to shape the conditions to the best interests of these wage-earners and the commonwealth.—N. Y. World.

SHORT NOTES.

THE School Board of St. Paul, Minn., has fixed the scale of wages for the teachers of that city regardless of sex.

THE degree of LL. D. has been conferred on Miss Helen Shafer, president of Wellesley college, by Oberlin college, of which she is a graduate.

A TEXAS woman, Mrs. Richard King, owns one of the largest ranches in the world. There is nothing she can not tell you about cattle. The ranch is near Corpus Christi, and contains 700,000 acres.

MISS LILLIAN MORRITT, an English phenomenon, has the power of retaining in her memory hundreds of complex figures, and of multiplying, deducting, and adding at the same time any of the cross figures.

MRS. MAGNUSSEN, of Iceland, one of the delegates to the suffrage congress, said in her paper before the members of that body that the women of Iceland did not claim the suffrage, but that it was being thrust upon them by the men.

MISS LAURA M. ULDEN, of Virginia City, has been admitted to practice before the courts of Nevada by the supreme court. She passed a very creditable examination and was highly complimented by the judge, who has never admitted a woman before to the Nevada bar.

MRS. GRAFTON ROSS, an English woman, has invented a tool for killing obnoxious weeds in gardens. It is in the form of a hollow piercer, through which poison is conveyed to the very heart of the root of a stubborn weed, causing it to shrivel up in a very short time.

WOMEN have led in the progress of the ceramic art since our last great exposition. The Rookwood ware of Cincinnati and the gold China of Miss Healy, of Washington, are the great novelties in their line at Chicago. Miss Healy's process is the cause of much argument and envy by European porcelain makers.—Harper's Bazar.

THREE women who have achieved distinction as hunters are Lady Hopetown, wife of the governor of Victoria, who has been killing deer in Auckland; Mrs. Alan Gardner, who has been making a record in India for hunting cheetas, shooting and spearing panthers, and sticking pigs; and Mrs. R. H. Tyacke, who, with her husband, has shot the largest number of bears ever killed in one season in Kulu, in the central Himalayas.

Are You Ambitious?

Especially, are you an ambitious woman anxious to make a career for youself? Then you will be more than interested in the "The Road to Fame or Fortune," published in Demorest's Family Magazine for December, which is a faithful chronicle of how ambitious girls desirous of becoming successful business women live and labor in New York, giving suggestions and valuable information that cannot fail to be of inestimable benefit to all talented and ambitious girls. And this is an ideal Christmas number, also. The lovely water-color "Did Santa Clause Bring You?" will appeal to everyone, young or old. "Christman Eve at Bethlehem," with its numerous illustrations, takes one back to the first Christmas Eve, and tells how the traditions are preserved and what ceremonies are observed at the present day. There are two splendid Christmas stories splendidly illustrated; "An Excursion to the Land of Dolls," also illustrated, will interest all little maidens who love their dolls; there is a charming Christmas play, "The Prodigal," which will afford most timely entertainment; a beautiful Christmas carol with original words and music, arranged so that it is appropriate for church, school, or the home circle; there are numberless suggestions for Christmas gifts; the many departments are full to overflowing with good things; and everyone who loves babies will be charmed with the portraits of nearly a hundred who are competitors for the "Baby Prize" offered by this Magazine. Indeed, the December number is a generous twenty cents' worth; but it is only a fair sample of what is furnished twelve times a year for $2.00. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

I have been a sufferer from catarrh for 20 years. I found immediate relief in the use of Ely's Cream Balm. Since using it I have not suffered a moment from headache, sore throat or loss of sleep, from which I previously suffered, caused by catarrh. I consider your Balm a valuable remedy.—R. G. Vassar, 56 Warren St., New York.

Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

State Superintendent Schaeffer's Report.

The annual report of Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer is now in the hands of the State Printer. In it he will recommend that a school census be taken to ascertain how many children there are in the State out of school that should be receiving an education. During the present year he will make a careful study of the school census in the different States and territories of the Union, with a view of devising a feasible plan for taking the census in Pennsylvania which he will submit to the next Legislature in his annual report of 1894.

Dr. Schaeffer will state in his report that the effect of the increase in the annual appropriation to the schools to $5,000,000 is seen in the increase of teachers' salaries, the lengthening of school terms and the erection of better school houses. He will give the free text-book law, enacted by the last Legislature, his unqualified endorsement and state that the one great effect of free text-books in this State is shown in the increased attendance in the schools, especially in the upper grades.

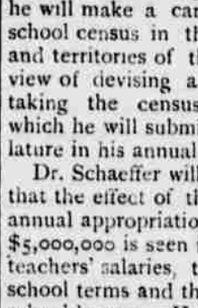
Dr. Schaeffer states that the act of repeal of May 31, 1893 repeals the act of June 25, 1885, providing for the close of schools on legal holidays. He recommends, however, that the directors order the closing of the schools on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and othe national holidays.

A Mother's Duty.

"Watch your daughter's physical development.

"Nature has provided a time for purification, and if the channels are obstructed, the entire system is poisoned, and misery comes.

"Irregularities from any cause, at any age, are sure indications of organic trouble.



"With irregularities come disturbances of the stomach and kidneys, violent headaches, shooting pains, extreme lassitude, and irritability.

"Remove the trouble at once, or a whole life will be sacrificed.

"*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* will accomplish the work speedily.

"It is the most effective remedy for irregular or suspended action known to the world."—*Mrs. Chas. Hines, Box 212, Duncannon, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies FAIL. Ills. book & proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York.

11-17-1 d

CUT HAY.

SOMETHING NEW.

We have just received a car load of CUT HAY.

For convenience and economy this hay is cut and put up in bales of about 100 pounds each.

The Hay is Choice No. 1 Timothy, and is cut better than you could cut it yourself.

Try one bale of CUT HAY and you will immediately sell or give away your old cutting box.

D. W. KITCHEN,

Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and Straw.

BLOOMSBURG, - - Pa.

Ruling on a Kansas Postoffice Which Has an Important Bearing.

Postmaster General Bissell has made an important ruling in a postoffice case in Kansas. A few days after the Harrison Administration came into power a change of postmaster was made at Udall, in Cowley county, of that State. A second appointment for that office was made March 2nd. Recently the Democrats of that community asked that another appointment be made, and the demand for it was so strong that it was made a test case. The question presented was whether the second man, appointed on March 2nd last, would be allowed to hold for four years or hold until the end of the four years from the time the first Republican was appointed. It was held by the department that the postmaster appointed on March 2nd would be allowed to hold the office for four years from the date of his individual appointment. This ruling applies to all classes of officers. It affects thousands of offices, and the Democrats are naturally not in love with the ruling.

The germs of scrofula are destroyed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists.

True, Every Word.

Girls, a word with you. Don't go home with a young man who won't go to church with you. If your company is worth having at all, it is equally good on the going and returning trip. Disabuse these young fellows of the notion that you will accept their company anywhere it is their pleasure to tender it. This will add to your self respect, and in addition it will scatter a big crowd of gay Lotharios who hug church steps at the close of evening services as flies do a sugar hogshead. Something ought to be done to stop this pernicious habit of loafing about sanctuary doors, which has become an eye sore. If the tact of the girl don't remedy this evil the church authorities should invite offenders inside and if that fails turn the policemen loose among them. They might at least seek an alley to exhaust their poor tobacco in, and for a storehouse for stories that have no possible connection with the sermon. Here's missionary work for you, young ladies. Don't think you can reform a man after you are yoked to him. He'll come to terms with less effort on this side the altar.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co, doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Toilettes for Ladies.

For stylish evening costumes the silks of the present season have never been surpassed in fanciful variety. The inter-weaving of two or more colors predominates in these tissues and produces novel and original effects in blending shades, which are still enhanced by the glistening moire surface that is given to many of them. Among other novelties the broche moires are particularly attractive having delicate broche figures of one color standing out against the watered ground of a contrasting color. A rich brocade for reception gowns is called "damas camaieu." This material has repped ground in some solid color with a design in satin of the same color shot with white. The painted bengalines are evening silks with light grounds, having printed Pompadour bouquets which look as if painted in water colors. They are often combined with a new velours pe'uche. These items, as well as many others equally attractive, are to be found in the McDowell Fashion Magazines just received. The latest numbers of these artistic publications maintain still their high standard of excellence, which makes them of inestimable value to all devotees of fashion, and easily accounts for the wide spread admiration they secured at the World's Fair. A special new inducement has been introduced in them in the shape of pattern coupons, by which one can secure many novelties at moderate prices. "La Mode de Paris" and "Album of Fashion" only cost $3 50 a year each, or 35 cents a copy. "The French Dressmaker" is $3.00 per annum, or 30 cents a copy, while "La Mode" the home fashion magazine above all, comes at the very moderate price of $1 50 a year, or 15 cents a copy. If you are unable to procure any of these publications at your newsdealer do not take any substitute from him, but apply by mail to Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York.

Easy to take—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Smallest, easiest, cheapest, best. They're tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts. Without disturbance or trouble, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved and cured. *Permenently* cured, too. By their mild and natural action these little Pellets lead the system into natural ways again. Their influence *lasts.*

Everything catharrhal in its nature, catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

More men make money than money makes men.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cts Sold by C. A. Kleim, Druggist, Bloomsburg. 11-10-8m.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

J. R. SMITH & Co.

LIMITED.

MILTON, Pa.,

PIANOS,

By the following well-known makers:

Chickering,

Knabe,

Weber,

Hallet & Davis.

Can also furnish any of the cheaper makes at manufacturers' prices. Do not buy a piano before getting our prices.

—.·.o.·.—

Catalogue and Price Lists

On application.

CROWN ACME,

The Best Burning Oil That Can be Made From Petroleum.

It gives a brilliant light. It will not smoke the chimneys. It will not char the wick. It has a high fire test. It will not explode. It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.

Challenge Comparison with any other illuminating oil made.

We stake our Reputation, as Refiners upon the statement that it is

The Best Oil

IN THE WORLD.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR.

CROWN - ACME

—:o:—

The Atlantic Refining Co.,

BLOOMSBURG STATION,

LOOMSBURG, PA.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. ☞ GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 1yr

2-24-1yr.

It will pay anyone in want of GOOD **WALL PAPER** to send for our beautiful line of matched samples, 8 to 20c. roll.

Send 10c. for postage, deduct it when ordering. Address F. H. CADY, 905 High St., Providence, R. I. 10-26-1y d.

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

Legal Advertisements.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of A. J. Ikeler, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County to distribute the funds in the hands of Moses McHenry and E. S. Stoker, administrators of the estate of A. J. Ikeler, late of the township of Fishingcreek, County of Columbia, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit to discharge the duties of his appointment at the office of Grant Herring Esq., in the Town of Bloomsburg, said County, on Saturday the 2nd. day of December, 1893, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; when and where all parties interested must appear and present their claims or be forever prevented from coming in on said fund.

FRED IKELER,
Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of A. W. Beishline, deceased.

The undersigned auditor, appointed to distribute the funds in the hands of the administrators, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg on Friday, the 1st day of December, 1893, at 10 o'clock, a. m. to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties having any claims against the estate must present them or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

W. D. BECKLEY,
11-16-4t. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Conrad Hippensteel, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Conrad Hippensteel, late of Briarcreek township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, deceased have been granted to G. W. Hippensteel residing at Bloomsburg, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

Wm. H. SNYDER, Att'y. G. W. HIPPENSTEEL,
10-20-6t.* Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Geo. P. Reighard, late of Scott township, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Geo. P. Reighard, late of Scott township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned executors, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

ELWELL, Att'y. JOHN REIGHARD, B. F. REIGHARD,
10-20-6t. Executors.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elvina Whitnight, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Elvina Whitnight, late of Fishingcreek township, Columbia County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the Register of said county to the undersigned executor. All persons having claims against the estate of the decedent are requested to present them for settlement, and those indebted to the estate to make payment to the undersigned executor without delay.

B. FRANK ZARR,
Oct. 24, '93 Executor.

NOTICE.

In the matter of the division of the school property of Catawissa Township. No. 25, May Sess., 1893.

The undersigned Commissioner and Examiner, appointed by Court to take testimony, adjust the claims and report to said Court the difference of indebtedness between Township and Borough, hereby gives notice to all parties that he will meet at the office of Wm. H. Rhawn Esq., at Catawissa, Pa., on Thursday, the 15th day of February, A. D., 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of his appointment, when and where all parties interested must appear and all those having claims must present the same or be forever thereafter debarred from the same according to the Act of Assembly, of June 13th, 1878.

WM. H. SNYDER,
Bloomsburg, Pa. Com. & Ex.
11. Nov. 6, 1893.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, and will be presented to the said Court on the first Monday of December A. D., 1893, and confirmed nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute.

Account of Clinton Brobst, surviving partner of the late firm of Brobst & Son.

First and final account of Charles T. Steck, Trustee of "St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Congregation," of Berwick, Penna.

Prots Office, G. M. QUICK,
Bloomsburg, Oct. 31, 1893. Prothy.

NOTICE.

C. H. Campbell, Register and Recorder of Columbia County, gives notice that his term of office expires on Monday, the first day of January, 1894, that all papers in his possession at that time that have been duly recorded and not paid for will be left at an office of the Justice of the Peace for collection, and after parties have been duly notified and neglected to remit, they will be sued and an effort made to collect them. Interest from date of record will be charged on all papers not paid before January 1, 1894.

tf. C. H. CAMPBELL,
Register and Recorder
of Columbia County.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a resolution of the Stockholders of the Silver Spring Quarry Company an application will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County on Saturday the 16th day of December A. D., 1893 at 10 o'clock A. M., praying for the dissolution of said Corporation.

AARON BOONE President.
C. M. CREVELING,
C. W. MILLER, Atty. Secretary and Treasurer.
11-24-tf.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Willits & Sheep was dissolved on November 2, 1893, by mutual consent. All debts due the firm must be paid to I. W. Willits, and all debts owed by the firm will be paid by him. I. W. Willits will continue the lumber business.

I. W. WILLITS,
11-17-3w. J. W. SHEEP.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the state of Pennsylvania on Monday, December 18, A. D., 1893, by George R. Stevens, David S. Caun, James P. Casey, George E. Saul, Charles W. Hoffman, Pierre Rouillot, Wm. J. Greenhough, Wm. Hill and others, under Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled an Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, A. D., 1874 and the several supplements thereto for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called the Penn Elevator Engineering Company, the character and object of which is for the manufacture of elevators and special machinery and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

C. W. MILLER,
11-24-4t. Solicitor

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENTS.

The following Widow's Appraisements will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Columbia county on the first Monday of December, A. D., 1893, and confirmed nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute.

George P. Reichard, dec'd., Scott, Personalty, $300.00.

George. P. Learn, dec'd., Briarcreek, Personalty, $800.00.

Cyrus J. Heller Est dec'd, Madison, Personalty $17.25. Realty, $2:2.75.

Gearhart B. Hess, dec'd., Est., Greenwood, Personalty $3 0.00

Clerk's office, G. M. QUICK,
Bloomsburg, Pa., Nov. 6, '93. Clerk O. C.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all legatees, creditors and other persons interested in the estates or the respective decedents and minors that the following administrators, executors, guardians, accounts have been filed in the office of the Register of Columbia county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance in the Orphans' Court to be held in Bloomsburg, Monday, December 4th, 1893, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day

No. 1. First and final account of A. C. Millard administrator of Emanuel Kirkendall, late of Mifflin township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 2. First and final account of Susannah Craig, executrix of Amy Craig, late of Roaring Creek township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 3. First and final account of A. G. Hess, administrator of Samuel Hess, late of Benton township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 4. The account of E. A. S. Brown, administrator debonis-non of John Brown, late of the township of Mifflin, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 5. The final account of J. O. Doty and Ira Doty, administrators of Jonas Doty, late of Fishingcreek township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 6. The first and final account of T. W. Conner, administrator of Jacob Snyder, late of Orange township, deceased.

No. 7. First and final account of Clinton Brobst and Barbara Ann Brobst, administrators &c. of Thomas Brobst, late of Centre township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 8. First and final and final account of Joseph Maust, administrator of Susan Maust, late of Centre township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 9. First and final account of C. G. Murphy, administrator of Mary Elizabeth Fetterman late of Conyngham township, Col. Co. deceased.

No. 10. First and final account of Mary. M. Campbell, administrator with the will annexed of George Shuman, late of Mifflin township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 11. First and final account of Elias Young, administrator c. t. a. of George P. Young, late of Pine township, Col. Co. deceased

No. 12. The final account of H. B. Angle, guardian of Henry Earl Hess, minor child of A. B. Hess, late of Scott township, Col. Co., deceased, settled by Mary Angle and H. W. Angle, administrators of H. B. Angle, deceased.

No. 13. First and final account of John S. Mensch administrator of Daniel Zarr, late of Franklin township, Columbia county deceased.

No. 14. First and final account of I. W. Willits, administrator of Rebecca May, late of Bloomsburg, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 15. The account of George D. Edmondson, administrator of Hiram Reese, late of Hemlock township, Col. Co., deceased.

No. 16. First and final account of I. W. McKelvy, guardian of Samuel B. Harman, minor child child of Mary N. Harman, late of Bloomsburg, Col. Co., deceased.

C. H. CAMPBELL,
Register.

Jurors for December Term.

GRAND JURORS.

Blank, August, miner ..... Conyngham
Creveling, S. C., farmer ..... Fishingcreek
Deimer, John R., merchant ..... Catawissa
Fritz, George, farmer ..... Sugarloaf
Pegley, Samuel, saloon keeper ..... Catawissa
Fetterolf, Daniel, carpenter ..... Catawissa
Grover, A. W., farmer ..... Main
Hagenbuch, Fred, farmer ..... Centre
Harrison, Samuel J., farmer ..... Fishingcreek
Jones, Frank, miller ..... Fishingcreek
Johnson, Jacob, farmer ..... Bloom
Kressler, A. V., farmer ..... Mt. Pleasant
Lord, H. A., Sec. Y. M. C. A. ..... Berwick
Laubach, Emanuel, farmer ..... Benton
Metz, Samuel, steam fitter ..... Bloom
Parker, Joseph, farmer ..... Greenwood
Rhodes, Wm. H., laborer ..... Catawissa
Reagan, G. L., physician ..... Berwick
Rutter, John C., Jr., editor ..... Bloom
Sarley, George, roller ..... Berwick
Stiles, Justice, farmer ..... Orange
Wintersteen, J. W. agent ..... Mifflin
White, A. B., merchant ..... Scott
Wilson, J. L., Salesman ..... Bloom

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK

Brink, John, farmer ..... Sugarloaf
Baldy, Stephen, merchant ..... Catawissa
Bower, E. H., laborer ..... Briarcreek
Chrisman, C. H., oyster dealer ..... Bloom
Cox, J. A., brick maker ..... Bloom
Camp, John, farmer ..... Roaringcreek
Christian, J. J., farmer ..... Pine
Campbell, Nathan, laborer ..... Bloom
Dewitt, J. M., laborer ..... Sugarloaf
Freas, B. D., teller ..... Berwick
Ferguson, Wm. farmer ..... Bloom
Gardner, Davis, farmer ..... Pine
Greenly, Wm., farmer ..... Pine
Hidlay, Samuel, farmer ..... Centre
Haley, Cornelius, watchman ..... Catawissa
Keller, B. S., tinner ..... Greenwood
Kase, Charles, farmer ..... Benton
Longenberger, Serv., gent ..... Main
Long, Kimber, farmer ..... Roaringcreek
Mohan, James, laborer ..... Conyngham
Miller, Henry, fireman ..... Catawissa
McAllister Martin, laborer ..... Berwick
Moury, Wellington, farmer ..... Mifflin
Mensch, F. M., farmer ..... Franklin
Pelter, J. P., carpenter ..... Bloom
Rantz, Jonas, farmer ..... Benton
Rhodes, Clark, farmer ..... Locust
Rice, B. F., agent ..... Scott
Ross, Charles, peddler ..... Berwick
Richie, Jonathan, farmer ..... Pine
Stecker, J. H., merchant ..... Bloom
Stoner, W. S., post master ..... Sugarloaf
Shaffer, Barton, farmer ..... Bloom
Woodring, J. P., bar tender ..... Bloom
Weiss, D. F., agent ..... Bloom
Warner, J. O., farmer ..... Greenwood

SECOND WEEK.

Albertson, Clarence, farmer ..... Benton
Baker, Jacob, coal dealer ..... Beaver
Brooke, W. M., mercnant ..... Bloom
Bauman, J. F., farmer ..... Main
Cressy, C. P., farmer ..... Catawissa
Cole, G. W., miller ..... Benton
Cleary, Thomas, merchant ..... Centralia
Cox, Wm. J., farmer ..... Greenwood
Davis, George, laborer ..... Greenwood
Davis R. M., farmer ..... Sugarloaf
Emery, J. S., farmer ..... Fishingcreek
Essick, J. A., farmer ..... Madison
Fox, Henry W., shoemaker ..... Catawissa
Fox, Theodore, watchman ..... Main
Gilbert, Emanuel, farmer ..... Mt. Pleasant
Hess, George, farmer ..... Orange
Harlan, Wm., mail carrier ..... Madison
Houseknecht, M. L., farmer ..... Briarcreek
Hayhurst, Lewis, assessor ..... Catawissa
Kline, John, farmer ..... Sugarloaf
Karnes, J. H., farmer ..... Fishingcreek
Lint, Simon, engineer ..... Catawissa
Mellenry, J. F., gent ..... Fishingcreek
Moore, M. A., farmer ..... Hemlock
Manning, Bent, laborer ..... Greenwood
Ohl, E. J., farmer ..... Hemlock
Raudenbush, P. W., engineer ..... Conyngham
Robbins, Charles, farmer ..... Greenwood
Reichart, Cyrus, farmer ..... Madison
Rarig Lloyd, farmer ..... Roaringcreek
Spear, A. W., farmer ..... Centre
Steck C. T., druggist ..... Berwick
Shuman, Clint, farmer ..... Main
Stadtler, Aaron, operator ..... Catawissa
White, Joseph, merchant ..... Hemlock
Winner, J. M., farmer ..... Fishingcreek

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned administrator of the estate of Jacob H. Fritz, late of Sugarloaf township, Columbia County, deceased, will sell on the premises, on

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1893,

at 2 o'clock P. M. the following valuable real estate, viz: All that certain tract of land situate in Sugarloaf township, Columbia County, Pennsylvania, described as follows, to wit: Bounded on the north by land of S. S. Fritz, on the east and south by land of Ezekiel Hess, on the west by lands of B. D. Hess and land of Amandus Fritz, containing sixty-five acres more or less, on which are erected a

DWELLING HOUSE,

and a good barn.

There is a fine spring of water near the house.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per centum of one-fourth of the purchase money shall be paid at the striking down of the property; the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute; and the remaining three-fourths in one year after confirmation nisi, with interest from that date.

AMANDUS FRITZ,
ANDREW L. FRITZ, Administrator.
Atty.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1893,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described, real estate, to-wit:

All that certain messuage, piece or lot of land situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by Pine alley, on the east by lot of Sarah A. Petrikin, on the south by Third street, and on the west by an alley, being fifty feet in front and forty feet in width in the rear, and two hundred and six feet, be the same more or less in depth, whereon are erected a two-story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

with out kitchen attached; a good barn and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken into execution at the suit of Ella G. Turner, Trustee, vs. Mary Margaret Krug and Charles Krug, and to be sold as the property of Mary Margaret Krug and Charles Krug.

BARKLEY, Attorney. JOHN MOUREY, Sheriff.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD.

AFTER NOV. 1st, 1893.

Trains leave Bloomsburg as follows: (Sundays excepted)

For New York, Philadelphia, Reading Portsville, Tamaqua, etc., 11.5 a m.

For Williamsport, 7.45 a. m., 3.15 p. m Sunday, 7.58 a. m., 4.28 p. m.

For Danville and Milton, 7.15 a. m., 3.52. Sunday, 7.58 a. m., 4.28 p. m.

For Catawissa 7.45, 11.15 a. m., 12 15 3.15, 5.00, 6.30, p m Sunday, 10.20 a. m. 7. 8 p. m.

For Rupert 7.45, 11.15 a m., 12.15 3.15, 5.00, 6.30, p. m. Sunday 7.59, 10.20 a. m., 4.28 7.02 p m.

Trains for Bloomsburg

Leave New York via Philadelphia 8 00 a. m., and via Easton 8.45 a m.

Leave Philadelphia 10.00 a. m.

Leave Reading 11.30 a. m.

Leave Pottsville 12.30 p. m.

Leave Tamaqua 1.20 a. m.,

Leave Williamsport 9 35 a. m., 4 25 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 4 25 p. m.

Leave Catawissa 7.00, 8 00 a. m. 1.30, 3 18, 6.10 Sunday, 7.15 a. m., 6.15, p m.

Leave Rupert 7.08, 8 07 11 21 a. m., 1.37, 3.27, 6.30. Sundays, 7.53, 10.13 a. m. 4.21 p. m., 6.35.

For Baltimore, Washington and the West via B & O. R. R., through trains leave Girard Avenue Station Phila (P. & R. R. R.) 3.50, 8.01, 11.26 a. m., 3.56, 5.42 7.16 p m. Sundays 3.50, 8.02 11.26 a. m., 3.56, 5.42, 7.16 p m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Weekdays—Express, 9.00, a. m., 4.00, 5.00 p. m Accommodation, 8.0 a. m., 5.45 p. m.

Sundays—Express, 9.00 a.m., Accomodation, 8.00 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

Returning leave Atlantic City Depot, corner Atlantic and Arkansas avenues, Weekdays, Express, 7.30 8.0 a m., and 4.00 p. m. Accommodation, 8.10 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

Sundays.—Express, 4.00, 5.15 p. m. Accommodation, 7.15 a. m., and 4.15 p. m.

Parlor Cars on all Express trains.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Pres. & Gen'l Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass. Agt

BLOOMSBURG & SULLIVAN R. R

Taking effect MONDAY, NOV. 17, 1890.

STATIONS.	SOUTH. Ar. P. M.	Ar. P. M.	Ar. A.M.	Lv. A.M.	NORTH. Lv. A.M.	Lv. P. M.	Lv P. M.
Bloomsburg	6 28	12 05	7 15	8 25	2 35	6 40	
Main Street	6 18	11 57	7 07	8 42	2 42	6 47	
Irondale	6 16	11 55	7 04	8 45	2 45	6 50	
Paper Mill	6 08	11 47	6 56	8 52	2 55	6 58	
Lightstreet	6 05	11 45	6 53	8 55	2 58	7 01	
Orangeville	5 57	11 35	6 43	9 01	3 15	7 10	
Forks	5 45	11 25	6 33	9 14	3 27	7 20	
Zaner's	5 42	11 17	6 30	9 18	3 30	7 24	
Stillwater	5 37	11 12	6 25	9 25	3 40	7 29	
Benton	5 28	11 00	6 16	9 36	4 10	7 39	
Edisons	5 22	10 47	6 11	9 40	4 15	7 44	
Coles Creek	5 20	10 45	6 09	9 41	4 20	7 48	
Sugarloaf	5 18	10 41	6 03	9 46	4 23	7 53	
Laubachs	5 12	10 38	6 00	9 50	4 25	7 57	
Central	5 03	10 30	5 53	10 00	4 41	8 07	
Jamison City	5 00	10 20	5 50	10 05	4 50	8 10	
	Lv.	Lv.	Lv.	Ar	Ar.		

THE PRESS

PHILADELPHIA.

DAILY *, SUNDAY *, WEEKLY

For 1893 & '94

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" " 1 month	50
" (including Sunday) 1 yr.	7 50
" " 1 month	65
Sunday, one year,	2 00
WEEKLY PRESS, 1 yr.	1 00

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"HELP WANTED"	ONE CENT a Word.
"REAL ESTATE"	ONE CENT a Word.
"BOARDING"	TWO CENTS a Word.
"ROOMS"	TWO CENTS a Word.
"FOR SALE" and "BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES"	Sundays, 2 Cents a word. Weekdays, 1 Cent a word.

For small amounts one-cent or two-cent stamps are accepted same as cash.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.

SAFE, always reliable. LADIES, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by all Local Druggists.

11-17-4w.

GRANDMA'S GIRL LUCKY.

The Dear Old Lady's Treasured Finery Is Seasonable Now.

Changeable Silks, Big Muffs and Ermine and Sable from Her Chests for To-Day's Use—The Fiat Hat and the Tea Gown.

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

Fortunate above all others is the girl who has or had a grandmother. What stores there are lovingly put away in the dear old lady's cedar chests of just such things as the girls are wearing now! What wealth of seasonable splendor!

There is grandmother's muff. Of course, in these mellow October days, when the dry leaves rustle along garden walks in the wooing breath of zephyrs gentle as June, it is more of a burden than benefit, but when chiller breezes blow its ample depth and warmth will be as comfortable as they are fashionable, but not more so. And grandmother's "changeable silk," which lies in lavender, to be taken out not seldom with pious, trembling hands, and sighed over, and wept over a little, maybe, for the memories it awakens of merry days long gone—what is it but the "shot" silk of to-day, bronze with purplish green, gray with gold, pale yellow with warm brown? Even the figured muslins and mulls and piques, certainly the rich old laces and sheer and dainty kerchiefs, are quite, quite in the fin de siecle mode.

There was a time—we all remember it, do we not—when even grandmamma's vast spreading hoopskirts were impending and caused more anxiety than ridicule, seen amid her treasured finery. There seemed a menace in their rustled spirals, which causes a shudder even now, when we are mercifully permitted to know that not quite all of grandmamma's wardrobe is available.

Indeed, at the best, it would not go far toward a fashionable fit-out to-day. Bright and early rose grandmamma, her shining morning face a lesson to degenerate days. She had a house dress, trimmed neat for all active uses, a company dress or two for home or abroad, and an evening dress; these at least, perhaps more. But at the most the lucky woman's hair ne'er grew gray with puzzling over tea gowns, yachting, boating, coaching, bicycling, tennis, walking costumes, piazza gowns and yet more, even to the dozenth dozen.

ELEVEN A. M. AND FOUR P. M.

FOR WINTER DAYS.

My lady a la mode is indeed a languid creature at eleven a. m. She rustleth not with starch as did once the dear old lady of the cedar chests. She wears no apron. Her soft, noiseless gown of figured silk falls from waist line to floor in simple, natural lines, trailing a trifle behind—so it was at least with the very prettiest tea gown of the very prettiest trousseau of October as I saw it in the milliner's shop. The sleeves are close to the elbow, above that doubly puffed to form two full globes, the upper almost concealed by the wide collarette of pale creamy lace which falls quite to the high waist line in front. Within the pale of the ordinary bonds of conventionality there is not, could not be, a more beautiful house dress than this simple symphony of silk and lace. This, so far as materials go, might all have come from grandma's chest. But it didn't.

That was my lady of the breakfast rolls, cafe au lait and newspaper. Madame at four in the afternoon is more imposing if not more beautiful. Her robe is such a one as grandmamma assuredly never wore. The good old lady drank more tea than we of to-day, she gave tea parties and socially pressed her callers to "stay to tea;" but it was not like this, not like those low divans, soft light, noiseless service, the tiny cups, sugarless and creamless, but not always innocent of a dash of some stronger mixture, the languid airs and English accent, and, more typical of the scene than all, the tea gown.

Still speaking of the smart trousseau, and its smartest representative of this interesting class, the tea gown is moderately plain of skirt, three full ruffles at the bottom alone breaking its fine lines. A buckle quite four inches long seems to fasten a wide belt of rich brown satin. The stuff of the gown—it is velvet, by the way, but of a lighter tint—is gathered below the bust, which is crossed by three rows of the darker ruffles, with embroidered edges. There is a square yoke of creamy lace over white satin. The sleeves are full to below the elbow, ending in a fall of cream yellow lace, making the hands seem ivory white by contrast. It is not often, perhaps, that so heavy a material as velvet appears in the tea gown; but it will be more often this winter than ever before.

Let my lady venture forth upon the street and she will be pointed out, in a double sense. She is arrayed, it may be, in one of the new overskirts, not full or draped or looped or caught up in any way but following closely the lines of the underskirt, and decorated, if we may use the term, with five enormous points ranging down like the points of a great star from the knee almost to the hem. The points are insisted upon, they are made forcible, they are emphasized by startling contrasts of color. Perhaps they are pale green over very dark green, or yellow over dark brown, or vice versa, or even white contrasting sharply with black, a favorite combination of colors this year. With such an overskirt are worn the usual puff sleeves and perky hat.

Or the points may be smaller, and in this case there may be ruffles, one, two or three, edged with big zigzags all pointing downward. And then the yoke will be pointed, too, and the lace collarette edged with points.

Nature abhors points. In all her laboratories she seldom fashions one. But no matter.

If overskirt points are sharp, hats are flat, wonderfully flat. Flat beyond precedent. And yet nobody would know it from their freakish variety of finished outline. To have been flat and yet not look like it is apparently the deceitful purpose, the daily end and aim of hatdom. No hat has or will have a crown more than half an inch high, many are absolutely flat disks of felt with no crowns at all. Yet all have their flat estate under the pale fingers of the stooping, dark-eyed milliner, dreaming of France and her beloved Gaston or Pierre away beyond there. Perhaps she turns the broad brim sharply up at the left and accentuates it with aigrettes of feathers or ribbon bows. Perhaps she leaves it nearly flat but curls plumes cunningly over the edge and perks pointed bow ends straight up into the air. Perhaps she flaps it up in front into a wide wall of felt over which one can scarcely see the big plumes that deck it. Most often of all she pulls the brim low over the eyes in front and heaves it high behind against the plumes and bows and bobbing things on top. And this last is the least trying estate of the flat hat.

For the average woman of to-day has a forehead of more than Grecian height. This, indeed, she deftly masks beneath clustering curls low lying against the white, but the flat hat sits too high above her face for beauty of proportion. Particularly is the style trying to high foreheads when the flaring hat brim soars aleft in front.

There cannot be such variety in make as in fabrics. To the bewildering kaleidoscope of fall cuts and colors the weaver and dyehouse chemists have contributed more of charm than the modiste. Beautiful in extreme are the shot silks, the basket-woven effects in every kind of goods, shot cheviots and coarse "drop changeant," spotted muslins and muslins sprigged and polka dotted, velvets, taffetas and foulards, plushes, surahs, of names almost as bewildering as their colors, which gleam and glow and dazzle in the mass with a glow that seems almost inward and peculiar.

The trick of most of these weaves is to drop into them, into the most unexpected patterns and materials, here and there a bit, if it be only a thread or two, of shining silk which catches the light and irradiates the whole.

You know how roses are holding their own against and through all the chrysanthemum crazes, and orchid crazes and other dangers, of course? Yellow and very pale pink roses go best with the light greens and dark greens of the season, and with many, perhaps most, of the browns and bronzes.

ELLEN OSBORN.

A Thankful Doll.

I s'pose you know, Virginia dear,
Thanksgiving day is almost here.
And now I hope you will not think
'Bout what you'll have to eat and drink,
Because it isn't right at all,
To be a selfish, greedy doll.

First place, you should be very glad
For all the blessings you have had.
Your pleasant home, your kind mamma,
And what a lucky doll you are!
You know she lets you have your way
About a dozen times a day!
She's very, very gen'rous, too,
And always shares a treat with you.

And here you should be thankful, dear,
That turkeys are so good this year.
And sweet-potatoes too, of course,
And lovely crimson cranberry sauce!
And squash, and little saucer-pies,
They're always such a great surprise,
Ice-cream, and nuts and raisins, too!
Oh! I'm so glad I am not you,
Because, you see, you dearest sweet,
You cannot really, truly eat,
And so the thankf'lest thing is this,
You'll never know what fun you miss!

—Mary Fletcher Stevens, in Harper's Young People.

A Time to Be Dreaded.

"Why do you look so dismal, Father William?" said the young turkey to the gobbler.

"My son," replied the mature bird, "I am reflecting on the near approach of Thanksgiving day, with the certainty that many of our number will be knocked into the middle of necks tweak."—Judge.

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Brady (surveying the scanty repast)—'Tis dev'lish little dinner we hov to be t'ankful fer this day, Nora!

Mrs. Brady—Whist, Moike! Yez do be fergettin' that we should be t'ankful there do be no more here to ate it! —Puck.

No Names Mentioned.

She—Isn't it a pity that they don't have mistletoe on Thanksgiving, as they do at Christmas?

He—Do you think, Miss Maude, that it is always—er—ahem—necessary?

She—It seems to be for some men.

DANGER IN PLUMPNESS.

"Children, don't get gay nowadays and eat too much! The lean turkey is the only one who is truly happy about this time of the year."—Chicago Mail.

A Previous Thanksgiving.

You can hear Thanksgivin' comin' with the jolliest kind o' sound;
You can hear the turkey holler for a mile or two around;
For he knows that he is in it, as he has been in the past,
An' he thinks that every minute is jes' sure to be his last!
You can hear Thanksgivin' comin' with a rush an' with a roar,
An' the knives an' forks a-hummin' as we pass the plate for more!
O, it's jolly every minute, in the north an' in the south,
For the turkey-gobbler's in it, an' we're waterin' at the mouth!

—Atlanta Constitution.

IN THE POULTRY YARD.

"What have I to be thankful for?"

A Thanksgiving Cinch.

We pulled the wishbone, Sue and I—
"I wish to kiss you!" my heart's sigh—
She won; but I've since understood
That she was wishing that I would!

—Puck.

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FOR SALE.

Desirable vacant lots and a number of good houses and lots in Bloomsburg, Pa. The best business stand in Bloomsburg. A very desirable property containing 19 acres and first class buildings with good will in a business worth $1,200 to $1,500 per year at Willow Grove.

Dwellings in Espy, Orangeville and Beach Haven. A large number of farms in Columbia County, one in Luzerne County, one in Virginia. Two Country Store stands in Columbia County and one in Luzerne County. A water power planing mill, dry dock and lumber yard and sheds in Beach Haven, Pa. Also 10 acres of good farm land at same place, by M. P. LUTZ & SON, Insurance and Real Estate Agents, BLOOMSBURG, PA. tf.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

RUPTURE POSITIVELY CURED FOR INformation address D. E. WHITENIGHT, Tamaqua, Schuylkill Co., Pa. 5-5-1y.

ROOMS FOR YOUNG MEN.—M. M. PHILLIPS has very desirable furnished rooms for six young men. Bath room adjoining, for use of occupants of the rooms. Call and examine. 5-19-tf.

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS FOR JUSTICES and CONSTABLES at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

WE WANT A CORRESPONDENT IN THIS place. A bright intelligent, energetic young man can make from $5 to $100 per month. Address GOLDEN ERA, 72 West 30th street, New York City.

BADGES. WE ARE PREPARED TO SHOW samples of metal, celluloid, woven and ribbon badges for all kinds of orders and societies, and can have them made to order on short notice. See samples and get prices. Address THE COLUMBIAN, Bloomsburg, Pa.

$5, $10 AND $20. GENUINE CONFEDERATE Bills only five cents each; $50 and $100 bills 10 cents each; 25c and 50c shinplasters 10 cents each; $1 and $2 bills 25 cents each. Sent securely sealed on receipt of price. Address, CHAS. D. BARKER, 30 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga. 11-17-4t.

DEC. 4.—Geo. B. Martin will offer for sale in front of the Court House in Bloomsburg, at one o'clock p. m., a valuable town property. See posters.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Interesting Items From Various Points in the County, Reported by Our Staff of Correspondents

WALLER.

If we may judge of the enjoyment and keeping of Thanksgiving by the number of turkeys this year, then certainly nearly everyone will be having a good day of it. We fear, however, it is too much the nature of the birds to stay in flocks, and a great many of us will have to wait for better times. It is reported that one of the instructors at the Teachers' Institute should have said that many people sit down to the table on that day expecting to give thanks by making pigs of themselves. There are many of whom that cannot be said, although there is, doubtless, a world of truth in the statement.

Mr. J. W. Kanouse, the photographer, passed through this section with his camera last week, taking the views of some of the principal places and the schools in particular. The pictures have not come to light yet, but he is said to do some very neat work.

The past week has been very cold here among the foothills of the mountains, and snow has been on the ground all the time.

Messrs. James Shultz and I. W. Fritz went on an expedition up Painter Run last week to look after the deer. They must be doing pretty well, for the boys came back without any of them. Perhaps they will look after them again, ere long, and be able to make a more definite report.

Miss Edith Cole is visiting friends at Jameson City.

The Sunday School Institute, spoken of last week, will be held here on Saturday afternoon, as well as evening. A young folks meeting will also be held on Sunday evening. Prominent speakers from a distance will be in attendance. Much attention will be given to music and a special instructor is expected to be present.

CENTRAL.

The hunting season has commenced, which makes visitors quite plenty at the Central Park Hotel. Among those that went home with cheerful faces was the McHenry party from Benton with a very fine deer, and two gentlemen from Carbondale, also a trio from Plymouth, consisting of the following named gentlemen: Messrs. Harris, Moss and Ransom. The Plymouth gents took eighteen or twenty fine birds and four rabbits, mountain rabbits. Going down on the early train Saturday morning Mr. Smith, from Carbondale, discovered a yellow-legged bird in the lot, when some one remarked it was an English variety, imported to this section from some one belonging to the Big 4, in New York. At any rate, they all seemed to pass a very pleasant week.

The weather has been very cold here for the time of year, considerable below freezing.

Rev Hontz is well pleased with the way the new church has turned out—everything paid for and a little for general cleaning up purposes.

Jas. Carpenter has taken charge of the hotel at Elk Grove. He is a good man for the place.

Our school is instructed by a first-class teacher. His students are progressing fine. They are taught German, Algebra, Latin or any study they desire to take up.

When I take a trip up the creek next week will give you the news on the West Branch.

J. W. Perry has rented his hotel at Elk Grove, and expects to take a trip West in the Spring.

LIGHT STREET.

A. C. Keim has gone to Bethlehem and Allentown to visit relatives.

Mrs. Numan, nee Martha Brown, and her husband, spent a few days with her mother the past week on her wedding trip.

Ed Ent now runs the milk wagon formerly run by Chas. Strauser.

L. M. Petit sold his property to Alfred Kline of Mt. Pleasant. He will build in the future.

Quite a number of town people took in the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Opera House on Friday night.

Dr. Smith took a trip to Philadelphia last week with a couple of patients.

L. M. Petit and Charles Eckroth were out looking after a timber tract near Montour Ridge, Northumberland county.

H. W. Terwilliger of Jerseytown in company with Millard Eves of Millville, paid a visit to town on Sunday last.

Chas. Swisher moved from below Rupert on Thursday of last week to property of A. C. Hidlay.

JERSEYTOWN.

Hattie Smith, from Bloomsburg, is home, visiting her parents this week.

Clarence Whitmire, who is taking charge of Heller's livery, at Millville, gave our town a call on Sunday last.

John R. Converse, who has been confined to his room for the past few weeks, from the effects of an extracted tooth, we learn, is slowly improving.

Rumor is out there will be two sly weddings this coming week. Boys, get ready.

Harry Terwilliger was seen wending his way towards Millville Sunday evening last.

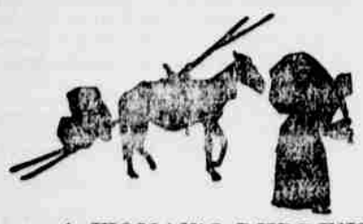
We are sorry to learn that Mrs. George Watson is still in a critical condition.

What takes Mr. Laidacker out on the hill so often? Some say it's attraction. Dan please explain

It is reported that Miles Smith is going to Milton to take charge of the Riverside Hotel.

J. H. Henrie is the champion hog feeder. He slaughtered two that tipped the scales at 900 pounds, so he says.

The New York *Ledger* for Thanksgiving presents a feast for the eye as well as for the mind. The illustrations for this number are specially attractive. A charming woodland scene, presenting a group of children carrying autumn flowers and trophies, illuminates the cover-page. In this issue begins a serial of unique interest, describing the experiences of a German reformer in this country. Werner, the popular German favorite, is the author, and the title is "A Lover from Across the Sea." A naval Thanksgiving is the subject of a rattling story, entitled "A Well-Earned Dinner," by E. A. Robinson, and Elizabeth Olmis contributes "A Thanksgiving Story." "Back to the Old Homestead" is a fine poem in dialect, by Jennie C. Holmes. W. Clark Russel, Mrs. Southworth and Paul H. Gerrard contribute installments of serials, and Mrs. M. A. Kidder and John G. Saxe are among the other contributors.



A WOMAN'S BURDENS are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength after using this remarkable remedy. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic and nervine which was discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years, in all cases of "female complaints" and weaknesses. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; in bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The key to the situation —if you suffer from Catarrh, you'll find in Dr. Sage's Remedy. No matter how bad your case may be, the proprietors of the medicine promise to pay $500 if they can't cure you. For sale by all druggists.

The Best Medicine.

J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas, thus speaks of **Ayer's Pills**:

"**Ayer's** Pills are the best medicine I ever tried; and, in my judgment, no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them **in my family** and recommended them to my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge, many cases of the following complaints have been completely and

Permanently Cured

by the use of **Ayer's** Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, sick headache, rheumatism, flux, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard colds. I know that a moderate use of **Ayer's** Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, as the nature of the complaint required, would be found an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."

"I have been selling medicine for eight years, and I can safely say that **Ayer's** Pills give better satisfaction than any other Pill I ever sold."—J. J. Perry, Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

GENERAL NEWS.

A number of the foundries and mills have been put in active operation at Pittsburg. While men are content to work in the mills at a reduction bricklayers have struck because their wages have been reduced from $4.00 to $3.50 per day.

A big reduction is expected in the force of employees of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Pardons were issued Monday to Paul Kappes, of Adams county, and John Wm. Jackson, of Clearfield Co.

VanAllen & Co.'s rolling mill and nail factory, at Northumberland, Monday began on double time, employing 300 men and boys.

The committee of Baptist ministers who have been investigating the charges against Duncan MacGregor, finds the doctor guilty of most of the charges.

Joseph Wharton of Philadelphia, has just made a gift of $75,000 as a further endowment to the School of Finance and Economy, bearing his name.

Acting General Manager Theodore Voorhees has been appointed general manager of the Lehigh Valley railroad.

Grand Master Workman Powderly's resignation was accepted Monday afternoon at a meeting of the Knights of Labor, at Philadelphia. J. R. Sovereign, of Iowa, was elected to succeed Mr. Powderly.

Directum, the champion trotter, with a record of 2:05¼, defeated Saladin, the great pacer, with a record of 2:05¾, on the Point Breeze track, Philadelphia, Monday, winning three heats out of four. Throughout all four heats Directum trotted perfectly, while Saladin broke several times.

The jury in the case of Ex-Banker Rockefellow, on trial the latter part of last week, in Wilkes Barre, for embezzlement, returned a verdict of guilty on Saturday, recommending him to the mercy of the Court.

Charles Chamberlain, the slayer of Paul Baumgartner, at Shickshinny, was sentenced by the Court to 12½ years in the Eastern Penitentiary. Thos. Brown, the negro murderer, got 9½ years.

It not only relieves; it does more it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages, all conditions, at all times.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Fashionable Livery.

The well known horseman has opened a fashionable livery in connection with his boarding stable at the Exchange Hotel Stables, where fine turnouts can be obtained, single or double. He has well broken and safe saddle and driving horses for ladies, all at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Exchange Hotel will receive prompt attention. Drivers furnished when desired

tf W. A. HARTZELL, Proprietor

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

WHO WILL CAPTURE IT?

THE PARDEE CAR WORKS BEGGING FOR A LOCATION.

In speaking of the removal of the Pardee Car Works from Watsontown Editor Lewis Fosnot has the following to say in his weekly *Record and Star:*

"The Williamsport papers announce that the Board of trade of that city are negotiating with the Pardee estate, through the agent here, S. B. Morgan, for the purchase of the Watsontown Car shops and their removal to Williamsport. As is known the Pardee estate is anxious to get rid of the car shops here, and not long since Mr. Morgan gave our Board of Trade an opportunity to purchase them. This offer our people were unable to consider for very good reasons and the shops are now on the market. While we regret to see any of our industries taken away, there seems to be no available remedy in this case. It is evident to all who give the matter a thought that they cannot be operated with success here, owing largely to lack of railroad facilities, and as they have been more of a detriment than a benefit to the prosperity of our town since they have been established here, the only conclusion left is that it will be for the good of the town if they are removed, thus giving room for a permanent and more suitable industry."

Williamsport is still on the lookout for the works, but their capitalists are rather shy and do not appear to be very eager to buy the plant. If any Sunburians are desirous of investing their spare capital in a good thing they have a chance. Of course it will cost considerable money to have the plant removed from Watsontown. It would require new buildings and new machinery, but by the organization of a stock company the necessary sum could probably be raised. Since the slump of the Sunbury Nail, Bar and Guide Iron company Sunbury investors are cautious and prefer to keep their cash in safe places. S. B. Morgan, Superintendent of the car works at Watsontown, is authorized by the Pardee estate to negotiate for the sale of the plant. It is rumored that the Jackson and Woodin Car company of Berwick has an eye on the Watsontown works and will probably add it to their establishment. It also would be a big addition to the Murray and Dougal Car Works at Milton. The removal of the plant is only a question of time and it looks as if Williamsport would succeed in being the lucky captor of the big industry.—*Sunbury Democrat*

PHILO REUNION.

The Philologian Society will hold its annual reunion in the Normal Auditorium on Thanksgiving night, when a drama entitled "Coupon Bonds" will be played. This entertainment is one of a high order, and has been prepared with great care and considerable expense. It is a humorous drama, and the characters are represented by members of the society. The admission is only 25 cents. Doors open at 7:30.

Boarding

And furnished rooms to rent on Main street. Steam, gas, hot and cold water and bath. Apply to Mrs. M. M. Phillips, at Phillips' Cafe. tf

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

J. D. WILLCOX.

CURED ME.

Doctors Said I Could Not Live.

POOR HEALTH FOR YEARS.

Mr. Willcox is a practical farmer and Postmaster in the village where he resides, and is well known for miles around. He writes:—"I had been in **poor health** for a long time. Four years ago the crisis came, and a number of our best physicians **said I would not live a year.** I began using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure; then my doctor said it might help me for a time, but I would not be here a year hence. My difficulties, aggravated by Rheumatism, were so bad I could not get either hand to my face. I continued the medicine nearly a year, and **now I am as well as any man of my age—sixty-eight years.**

Swamp-Root Saved My Life

and the good health I now enjoy is due to its use."

J. D. WILLCOX, Jan. 9, '93. Olmsville, Pa.

SWAMP-ROOT

At Druggists, 50c. or $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" and Consultation Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's U & O Anointment Cures Piles

Trial Box Free. — At Druggists, 50 cents.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

RARE BARGAINS.

J. G. WELLS is selling Silverware 20 per cent. off for cash.

J. G. WELLS is selling Ladies' and Gents Gold and Silver Watches at prices never before known for cash.

Bates & Bacon Gold Filled Cases and Elgin movements for $12 and up.

Solid Gold Cases 14 karat fine, with Elgin, Waltham or Illinois movements $20 and up.

Fine line of Gold and Nickle Glasses at prices never before known.

I offer Special Bargains right through for cash.

Special attention paid to the REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

BLOOMSBURG, PA. Next to Post Office.

NOTES WORTH READING.

DRESS GOODS.

Never before have we shown such qualities at so low prices. Lines never larger. Styles the newest, and yet we will allow you a discount of ten per cent on these all wool Dress Goods and low prices.

COATS. CAPES.

A good line of Ladies' Coats at prices to please for quality, Styles. Some special lots, *BIG VALUES* in Childrens' Coats. See our Ladies' Skirt Coats, the newest. Fur Capes, Muff-Boas and Fur Trimmings.

STAMPED LINENS & MATERIALS.

A new line of these handsome goods, also Wash Silks for working in Filo Wash Twist, Rope Silk, Rope Linen, Linen fringes, Ornaments, Pin Cushions to cover, Fancy China Silks, Knitting Silk 25 cts. ball.

Good Dark Calico 5 cents yard. Best Light Calico 5 cts. yard. See the 6½ c yd. Apron Gingham. 8 cts. Dress Ginghams. 6 cts. yard wide Muslin. See the special 9 ct. cotton flannels.

HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR

Never have we shown such values as now.

Ladies' Fleecy Lined Hose, 15 c. pr.
Ladies' Woolen Hose, 17 c. pr.
Childrens' Wool Hose, all sizes. 12½ c.
Childrens' Fleecy lined Hose, all sizes, 10 cts. pair.
Misses' ribbed Vests and Pants, 30 cts. each. (all sizes.)
Ladies' ribbed Vests, 25 cts. up.
Ladies' ribbed Wool Vests, 25 c. up.
All Wool Blankets, $2.98 pair.

BIG VALUES —IN— Children's Long Coats.

—TRY OUR—

$1.00 CORSETS.

HANDKERCHIEFS. HANDKERCHIEFS.

Never have we shown such a line. 870 dozen. All kinds. All prices. See them.

LADIES' COATS, all the newest Styles—prices the lowest. All Goods sold for cash.

H. J. CLARK & SON.

Going to **Florida** This Winter?

MAKE it a pleasure trip by travelling on the Elegant Passenger Steamships of the Ocean Steamship Company,

The Savannah Line

From New York or From Boston.

Greater Comfort at 35 to 50% less expense than by rail.

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent or write to

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G. M. SORRELL, Manager.

11-30-4t. d

CHATTERBOX

THE KING OF JUVENILES. No book has ever been made for young people which compares in value, or has had one-tenth the sale of this great annual. **Millions of copies have been sold.** The new volume for 1893-4 is just ready, and has over 200 large and entirely new pictures, several new stories, (each a book in itself), and hundreds of short stories, anecdotes, etc. The best Xmas present possible for boys and girls of all ages. Order from your bookseller or of us.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers, Boston.

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MEN or WOMEN make $10.00 a day selling the "Wonderful **Christy Bread Slicer.**" Write quick for territory. CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Fremont, Ohio

11-30-4t. d

WATCH

THIS SPACE AND SEE WHAT

HESS BROTHERS

HAVE TO SAY NEXT WEEK.

Fine PHOTOGRAPHS and CRAYONS at McKillip Bros., Bloomsburg. The best are the cheapest.